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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VI — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1930 — NUMBER 49

Journalist and Scholar

SOME amusement, but more regret, was recorded in New York when Paul Elmer More some weeks ago told his Commencement audience that the intelligentsia of the metropolis—and particularly those who write for the weekly journals—were the most tawdry and dingy known to history. It was a sweeping statement for a historian of philosophy, a very human but not too humanistic response to criticism from the Shelbourne humanist. When Tawdry and Dingy respond, as doubtless they will, in the columns of *The New Yorker*, a dull summer may be further enlivened.

But of course this is just another instance of the curious antagonism in this country between scholar and journalist. They greet each other like strange dogs, one growling and the other yapping, and bark at each other from opposite hilltops with ridiculous delight.

The clash is based upon temperaments not upon logic. The scholar in journalism has been welcomed and has made signal contributions, especially in economics and politics; the journalist in scholarship becomes that type of persuasive teacher so highly valued by his student clientèle in every university. The relationship should be not unlike that of pure and applied science.

But the scholar is impatient with ends and the journalist with means. The scholar is exasperated when his investigations are suddenly tested by their utility values for a living generation to which he is often indifferent, the journalist cannot understand a man who refuses to bring his wares to the market of the world's interest. And so the only good journalists are dead journalists, for then the historical scholar can draw history out of the newspapers they wrote. And the only good scholars are the research scientists, for the journalists cannot understand them.

* * *

To an observer, trying to be impartial, the situation seems as unfortunate as it is absurd, and particularly in its effects upon American criticism. The literary journalists exult in their freedom from the bonds of scholarship. They shout with the multitude. They make discoveries every week. What background of literary history they possess is dim and pale beside the vivid immediacy of books of the moment. They seldom pause long enough to discriminate between the subtle varieties of success. Equally sensitive to art and to topics of current interest, they give the same praise to both, and are less interested in why we read than how much. Doses of scholarship liberally administered would tonic our literary journalism beyond belief. Adult re-education is what it needs.

But the scholars are not very helpful. Like Messrs. Foerster, Babbitt, More, in the recent humanist controversy, they are distressed when their careful theories are dragged into the market place. There is sacrilege in applying doctrines prepared for Racine or Euripides to the hurly burly of contemporary literature, which is damned in advance by being contemporary. And while in breadth and accuracy of background, in the power to compare and contrast and understand by analysis, their equipment makes them far superior to the journalists, this aloofness, as of white doves upon the tower of ivory, dulls their intuitive senses, and blinds them, as often in the past, to the really significant trends of a present down which the mere journalist runs yelping his excitement, persuaded that he is pursuing elephants at the least, but with his nose of instinct set true to the only warm trail.

If those generous foundations which are sending Americans all over the world, and bringing selected students from all over the world to America, will turn their attention to the gulf of misunderstanding that stretches between the academic and the journalistic provinces of these United States, they may find home-grown opportunities for their philanthropy. A hundred scholars set to work, for example, in journalism every year would do little harm at first to journalism and later much good, and the benefit to the scholars would prove to be surprising. And a hundred journalists put in fair exchange in a hundred universities would learn as much as they would teach.

Scarcity

By LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

SCARCITY saves the world,
And by that is it fed:
Then give it hunger, God,
Not bread.

Scarce things are comely things;
In little there is power;
November measures best
Each vanishing flower.

If you dig a well,
If you sing a song,
By what you do without,
You make it strong.

For life as well as art,
By scarceness grows,
Not surfeit. Theirs must be
The hunger of the rose.

This Week

"Lobagola."
Reviewed by WILFRID D. HAMBLY.
"The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife."
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"Wild Apples."
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"The Gentleman in the Parlour."
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Round about Parnassus.
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Next Week, or Later

Emily Dickinson: One Hundred Years.
By LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

John Masefield*

By CHARLES WILLIAMS

IN the first line of the first poem of his "Collected Poems" Mr. Masefield announces that he is not concerned with "the princes and prelates with periwigged charioteers," and indeed the word "periwig" suggests at once all that is most opposite to his verse. Of all centuries Mr. Masefield seems to have least to do with the eighteenth, with that superb effort towards control and stability which was common to Pope and Johnson and Gibbon. The overmastering, and yet overmastered, passion of that great couplet—

> Poets themselves must fall like those they sung;
> Deaf the praised ear and mute the tuneful tongue—

is of a kind of verse which Mr. Masefield has hardly ever essayed. An older, though not a greater, poet is his brother in the Muse; the patron of his style is Edmund Spenser.

Spenser, with his knights and enchanters and witches and paynims, his hermitages and palaces, his lonely champions and complex pageantries, his allegories and morals, Gloriana and Britomart? Spenser—when Mr. Masefield wants to sing of the working man, "the sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man with the clout?" But subject is not the only thing that makes up poetry; though, if it were, there would still be a likeness between Mr. Masefield's continual invocations of Beauty and Spenser's "Hymns." The background of verbiage out of which the poet appears must count for something. No poet yet has succeeded in leaving that background entirely behind him; however far he comes, we can still see the ways by which he emerges from mere language into ordered speech. These backgrounds and avenues have sometimes the most probable, sometimes the most improbable, likenesses. There is Marlowe behind Shakespeare, and Keats behind Tennyson. But there is also Pope behind Patmore, and the Elizabethans behind Pope.

The most fascinating thing about Mr. Masefield is this appearance of an expansive romanticism. If there were nothing else, the modern poet's work would be almost a joke; but there is sufficient of something else to make us interested in the contrast. But that something is not what Mr. Masefield insisted upon in that "Consecration" of his first book, "Salt Water Ballads." It was not when the book was published in 1902; it has certainly not been since. Ordinary men, working men, "the drowsy man at the wheel and the tired look-out," come in from time to time. But they come mostly, for all their modern properties, down those old Spenserian ways, those lengthy, twining roads, where even fights are drowsy, and crises are resolved into faerie by the mere process of time. Outside Spenser, was ever a fight so melodious a business as this?

> "We do not stop till one of us is dead,"
> Said Lion, rushing in. A short blow fell.
> Dizzily, through all guard, on Michael's head.
> His hedging-hook slashed blindly but too well:
> It struck in Lion's side. Then, for a spell,
> Both, sorely stricken, staggered, while their eyes
> Dimmed under mists of blood; they fell, they tried to rise,—
>
> Tried hard to rise, but could not, so they lay,
> Watching the clouds go sailing on the sky,
> Touched with a redness from the end of day.
> There was all April in the blackbird's cry.
> And lying there they felt they had to die,
> Die and go under mould and feel no more
> April's green fire of life go running in earth's core.

* This article will constitute one of the essays to be included in Mr. Williams's "Modern English Poets," shortly to be issued by the Oxford University Press.

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He tilted up the hat, and Lion drank.
Lion lay still a moment, gathering power,
Then rose, as Michael gave him more, and sank.
Then, like a dying bird whom death makes tower,
He raised himself above the bloodied flower
And struck with all his force in Michael's side.
"You should not have done that," his stricken comrade cried.

"You should not have done that"—the reader involuntarily assents. He shouldn't, of course; it was bad manners. But paynims do behave badly; it is why they are there at all. And Mr. Masefield's paynims—outside their official paynimry—are all the gentlest people; they are the properties of an exterior romanticism.

The romantic mind is that which wholly abandons itself to some intense experience, and normally does not stabilize that by others. But this is the interior and greater romanticism. There exists also a lesser kind which has the trappings of that greater romance without its intensity. The decorations of death, the ornamentations of love, hide the thing itself, and sometimes hide it very beautifully. The substitution may be rich and lovely, but it is a substitution. Spenser, in "The Faerie Queene," is full of it; the whole poem is a substitution of loveliness for intensity. And Mr. Masefield's long poems are of the same kind.

The most famous of them, "The Everlasting Mercy," is an example of this. It is an account of the conversion of Saul Kane, a village ne'er-do-well, ostensibly from a life of filth, greed, and anger, to a knowledge of Christ. But the sense of the poem is much more a turning of itself from a description of the external life of dissipation to a description of a consciousness of beauty within and without.

Doubtless this might be part of the greater conversion, but doubtless also it is not sufficient in itself to carry that high thing whose vastness and significance the mystics themselves have often labored in vain to convey. In the first outbreak of abuse which occurs in the poem—

You put.
You liar.
You closhy put.
You bloody liar.

—the repetition, the expanded repetition, gives a sense of weakness; and so at the end the similes

[illegible] roaring cataracts of Christ.

It is a fine line, but it *is* a fine line.

In the actual invocations of Christ, in the meditative prophecies of the new life that awaits the converted villager, this weakness is more suitable; for it is a proper part of their appeal.

Lo, all my heart's field red and torn,
And thou wilt bring the young green corn,
The young green corn divinely springing,
The young green corn for ever singing;
And when the field is fresh and fair,
Thy blessed feet shall glitter there.

It is beautiful; it is the sigh of the romantic mystic, yet more the romantic than the mystic.

This is perhaps the reason why "Dauber" is more convincing, because the style and the central subject are more akin. "Dauber" is about art, and art—except in the greater artists—is a more partial, provincial, indulgent, and individual thing than religion. It is like the stone upon which man falls and is broken, whereas anything that can decently be called religion is like that which falls upon him and grinds him to powder. Dauber is an artist who goes to sea in order to

know the sea and ships from A to Z
. . . . . .
It's not been done, the sea, not yet been done,
From the inside, by one who really knows.

The poem narrates his persecution by the crew; his horrible experiences of Cape Horn and of the ice; his growth into a sense of the greater potentialities of art; his growth also into a fearless manhood; his death.

But because the efforts of man towards art are better subjects for discussion than mystical conversion, which is the most incommunicable of things, and because descriptions of the sea occupy much of the verse, the reader is not so conscious of a crisis avoided as in "The Everlasting Mercy." The last four stanzas are an example of the danger that haunts Mr. Masefield; they are at once too artistic and not artistic enough. They are a beautiful, quiet, detached ending to a story of turbulence and disaster.

Then in the sunset's flush they went aloft,
And unbent sails in that most lovely hour
When the light gentles and the wind is soft,
And beauty in the heart breaks like a flower.

This is a conventional ending, taking the reader away from those heaped seas and the falling body of Dauber; but the poem has not been conventional in that way throughout. The figures of the sailors should have been more formal and less semi-realistic if so formal an ending was to be borne. It is like a bit of mosaic work inlet into a violently representational wall painting.

But the last line quoted above has given away one of Mr. Masefield's preoccupations, which is beauty. There can be few poets in whose verse the word occurs more often, though many in whom the thing itself occurs less often. More adventurous than many, Mr. Masefield has concluded his "Good Friday: A Play in Verse" with a small lyric by a Madman which ends

Wisdom that lives in the pure skies,
The untouched star, the spirit's eyes:
O beauty, touch me, make me wise.

It ought, one feels, to be more effective than it is. Can it be that "King Lear," for example, might also be less tremendous if Albany had closed it with a short speech about the everlasting search for Beauty, or even "Macbeth" if Malcolm had referred to some sort of soft flowers that bloom in the spring? But what then—may not a poet have his gospel?

Alas, experience can only be countercharged with experience, not by a gospel, a meditation, or a dream. These plaintive melodies, appeals to some Platonic memory, are not sufficiently filled with passion to make them contrast, and perhaps transmute, the tragedies with which Mr. Masefield's Muse concerns itself. Sir Guyon may destroy the enchanted garden of Acrasia, but what has that faerie to do with Antony's "I am dying, Egypt, dying?" They are different modes of being; Mr. Masefield's finest poems are those in which he has for a moment united similar modes. An experience is communicated in some of his poems which is at once shadowy and romantic and yet sunlit and actual: as, for example, certain fantasy is involved, he has made convincing work—the poem where Pompey's ghost comes riding to Caesar's house by night, or that where Saint Withiel flees from the hounds of hell, or that of the false O'Neill. This fantasy also is the cause of the success of the second part of "Reynard the Fox." The first part of this poem, an account of the gathering of the hunt, is like a parody of an English meet, only Mr. Masefield's gravity forbids the idea. It is quite delightful to read

The stables were alive with din
From dawn until the time of meeting.
A pad-groom gave a cloth a beating,
Knocking the dust out with a stake.
. . . . . .
Len Stokes rode up on Peterkin;
He owned the downs by Baydon Whin;
And grazed some thousand sheep; the boy
Grinned round at men with jolly joy
At being alive and being there.

It is almost impossible not to do exactly the same at Mr. Masefield; especially when we know that also

Joan Urch was there upon her cob,
Tom Sparsholt on his lanky grey,
John Restrop from Hope Goneway,
And Vaughan, the big black handsome devil,
Loose-lipped with song and wine and revel,
All rosy from his morning tub.

The uncertainty whether John Restrop is the name of Mr. Sparsholt's "lanky grey" or of one of the riders does but add to the general exuberance. Never before have the names of houses, farms, and villages of an imagined English countryside sounded so real or fitted so slickly into rhyme: even Mr. Minton-Price (Perhaps Colonel?) of the Afghan border, had the decency to come on a horse called Marauder; and Cothill, of the Sloins, chose his birthplace with a forethought to a chestnut mare with "netted cords of veins." It is all very English, very jolly, and sheer invention.

But in the second part we have the hunt from the fox's point of view, with even an attempt to suggest the fox's apprehension of the external world instead of our own.

The windward smells came free from taint—
They were rabbit, strongly, with lime-kiln, faint,
A wild-duck, likely, at Sars Holt Pond,
And sheep on the Sars Holt Down beyond.

It is not perfectly convincing: we are rather pretending to be the fox than being it. But it is through that fantasy that Mr. Masefield leads on to one of his simplest and most poignant effects—

There was his earth at the great grey shoulder,
Sunk in the ground, of gravity boulder.
A dry deep burrow with rocky roof,
Proof against crowbars, terrier-proof,
Life to the dying, rest for bones.
. . . . . .
The earth was stopped; it was filled with stones
. . . . . .
Then, for a moment, his courage failed,
His eyes looked up as his body quailed,
Then the coming of death, which all things dread,
Made him run for the wood ahead.

It is the pathos of the hunted thing to which Mr. Masefield continually returns, and whenever his art manages to draw this subject into a real instead of a false simplicity it is that in which he excels. The hunt may be literal, as in "Reynard the Fox," or metaphorical, as in some of his other poems where the hero is pursued by destiny. It is, however, exactly on this question of destiny that Mr. Masefield's touch is a little uncertain. He needs, for his full romantic pathos, a ruthless destiny, but then he needs, for his romantic Platonism, an ever-present Beauty too, and pathos and Platonism are ill bedfellows. The finality of tragedy and the finality of wisdom hardly go together; still less a sighing consciousness of tragedy and a wistful longing for beauty. The poet may have it which way he likes—either the phenomenal world means something or it doesn't; he may have it both ways, at separate times, but even the greatest poets can hardly have it both ways at the same time. Coincidences of that sort are coincidences rather of emotion than of passion, for there the intellect would have a part to play. When the great passions ride abroad there must be space and time between them; light or dark, th[illegible] rounding air must be emptied of one terrible p[illegible] he advent of another fills it. But th[illegible] companionable; they will walk an[illegible] gether. Pathos and hope can easily [illegible]nd be seen in the same tale or vision in one of Mr. Masefield's tales, or visions, they come very beautifully together. "King Cole" is one of his most characteristic poems. It has his realism, his proclaimed concern with the workers, his fantasy—King Cole's spirit permitted to wander earth "helping distressful folk to their desire"; his pathos—the subject is a circus "broken by bitter weather and the luck"; his feeling for animals; his wistful consciousness of beauty. King Cole meets the miserable circus company on their way to Wallingford, where they mean to play. But Royalty is there to lay a foundation stone, and the disheartened Showdown finds his caravans driven a mile beyond the town by official orders and a likelihood of playing to "two children and a ploughboy." Meanwhile, however, King Cole goes to the Prince and, partly by speech, partly by magical music, persuades him to bring the Court to see the circus. The performance is given, everybody is happy, and King Cole, after playing alone in the night, fades slowly away. It is, with the exception of King Cole's talk with the Prince, almost wholly a series of little pageants, each done in a few stanzas or less, and all different. There is the draggled circus at the beginning; there is a procession through the town; there are the children scattering flowers before Majesty; and the pageant of Majesty itself. But in the second of these Mr. Masefield has done what he has rarely done elsewhere; he has united his knowledge with his desire and transformed actuality with beauty.

And round the tired horses came the Powers
That stir men's spirits, waking or asleep,
To thoughts like planets, and to acts like flowers,
Out of the inner wisdom's beauty deep:
These led the horses, and, as marshalled sheep
Fronting a dog, in line, the people stared
At those bright wagons led by the bright-haired.

And, as they marched, the spirits sang, and all
The horses crested to the tune and stept
Like centaurs to a passionate festival
With shining throats that mantling criniers swept
And all the hearts of all the watchers leapt
To see those horses passing and to hear
That song that came like blessing to the ear.

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And, to the crowd, the circus artist seemed
Splendid, because the while that singing quired
Each artist was the part that he had dreamed
And glittered with the Power he desired.
Women and men, no longer wet or tired
From long despair, now shone like queens and kings,
There they were crowned with their imaginings.

And with them, walking by the vans, there came
The wild things from the woodland and the mead,
The red stag, with his tender-stepping dame,
Branched, and high-tongued and ever taking heed,
Nose-wrinkling rabbits nibbling at the weed,
The hares that box by moonlight on the hill,
The bright trout's death, the otter from the mill.

And over them flew birds of every kind,
Whose way, or song, or speed, or beauty brings
Delight and understanding to the mind;
The bright-eyed, feathery, thready-legged things.
There they, too, sang and amid a rush of wings,
With sweet, clear cries and gleams from wing and crest,
Blue, scarlet, white, gold plume and speckled breast.

And all the vans seemed grown with living leaves
And living flowers, the best September knows,
Moist poppies scarlet from the Hilcote sheaves,
Green-fingered bine that runs the barley-rows,
Pale candylips, and those intense blue blows,
That trail the porches in the autumn dusk,
Tempting the noiseless moth to tongue their musk.

The passage suffers from being extracted, because it does not come, as in the poem, as a contrast to the dull pain of mortality. But here if anywhere Mr. Masefield has united reality, with a small r, and Reality, with a capital. He has done something similar in "Right Royal," the story of a horse race, and a very good horse race.

In these two poems, and in a few of his ballads, and a few of his lyrics (such as the famous "Cargoes"), Mr. Masefield has created his best crisis. In some—"Cargoes," and the ballad of Pompey ("The Rider at the Gate")—he has been contented with the temporal crisis; in others he has sought to include a spiritual significance. But surely those pageants come from the dim romantic country where paynims and dreadful sorcerers and evil chances awaited the lonely rider, where in a magical world the wandering knight came under the stars to a doubtful hut amidst woods filled with the ambushes of Mahound, where pageants of months and seasons and virtues

ed through dreams of beauty and came
the knowledge of the world through
: was Edmund Spenser.

Dubious Africa

LOBAGOLA: AN AFRICAN SAVAGE'S OWN STORY. By BATA KINDAI AMGOZA. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by WILFRID D. HAMBLY
Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.

I APPROACHED this story in the hope of finding a psychological study of the mentality resulting from an attempt to graft European civilization on a man of native African culture. There was also the anticipation of reading a well-presented account of some native tribe of Dahomey or French Niger Territory. In both expectations I was disappointed.

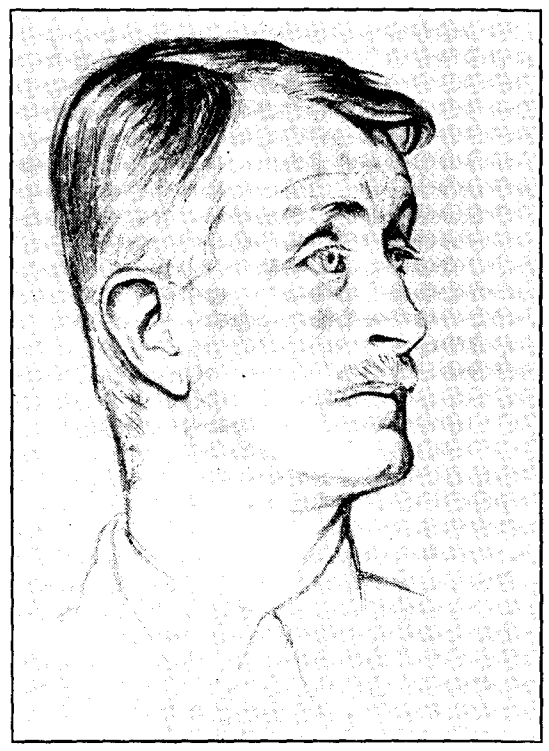
In the first place I disagree with the introductory remarks which inform me that, "for the first time a black native has become articulate enough to write in frank, realistic English, the customs, taboos, and superstitions of his race." On my desk are two excellent books, "Laws and Customs of the Yoruba," by Ajisafe, and "A History of the Yorubas," by Johnson, himself a Yoruba. In these books natives tell of their own people with frankness and lack of cheap sensationalism.

Moreover I dissent from the statement, that Ibn Lobagola must write either from personal knowledge, or must have been a profound student of works of reference.

Ibn (Arabic for "the son of") Lobagola may be all that he asserts, but his amount of knowledge, consisting of fragments of ethnology, zoölogy, and geography, could be gleaned from any library in a short course of reading. I fail to see that the book itself is a guarantee of profound knowledge of either a first or second hand order.

What, then, are the ethnological titbits presented to titillate the palate? The sacred crocodile I accept. A few months ago I photographed the sacred white crocodile of Ibadan. Reverence for snakes and crocodiles is widespread in Africa. Cutting off fingers for theft was a usual old-time punishment for theft in many African communities. Fighting women, (Amazons), are pictured in such easily accessible books as "People of All Nations," and "Living Races of Mankind."

I quite concur with the mention of some matters which may seem strange, almost incredible, to those who do not know Africa. I have recently passed among the pagan tribes near Jos in eastern Nigeria. Here men were to be seen wearing absolutely nothing but the prepuce cover, which Lobagola describes as a chastity box. If a chastity box, why is such a cover worn among elderly Zulus and Masai? The point is, however, of no great moment. Choosing six wives at once and consummating the marriage in public is new to me so far as Africa is concerned.



JOHN MASEFIELD
From a drawing by John Rothenstein in his "Twenty-four Portraits" (Harcourt, Brace).

The folklore stories are in keeping with thousands easily accessible in "Mythology of All Nations," not to mention numerous journals of folklore societies.

I am dubious about the great apes which intelligently and concertedly attack a village and raze it to the ground. On the eastern side of Africa, also recently in Angola, I have lived for several weeks within half a mile of a large settlement of dog-faced baboons. Occasionally one or two cautiously approached my tent, but they soon disappeared if followed. This account of marauding apes sounds like the stories which one hears on the West coast, when the cup that cheers has gone round several times since sunset. I enjoyed this story of the apes. I could see the old coaster lifting his whiskey and soda to inspect the sparkling bubbles—"And believe me boys, without a word of a lie, those blasted apes pulled up every stick and stone in the village."

The story of elephants burying their dead I believe to be due to the existence of places where big animals go to die, so there is an accumulation of bones which gives the impression of a cemetery.

There are of course Jewish colonies in north Africa and Abyssinia, but I confess to a weariness in the periodical discovery of lost Jews. The Semites are one of the main races of mankind. Arabs, Jews, some ancient intruders into the Nile Valley, Phœnicians, and others have the Jewish (Semitic) type of features. I thought the Semitic cast of nose was characteristic of the Fulani of Nigeria. Arabs have been almost everywhere in Africa as slave raiders, hence the Semitic type of face is often seen. In the customs described by Lobagola there is much that is of the Negro, but little of that which is exclusively Jewish. Circumcision, or some operation of the same kind, is practiced in central Australia, and among other people for whom the most enterprising have not claimed any Jewish descent or culture contact.

The account of ill-treatment near Kano, and at the hands of an agent of the very honorable company of John Holt, made me look carefully for the name of the precise place, but without success. I wish Lobagola had gone to Kano to lay his complaint. There are courts provided with interpreters. British rule is sympathetic and enlightened. I traveled from Kano to Sokoto, Katsina, and into the French Niger territory, northwest to Tahoua. I should be interested to know where in the vicinity of a John Holt store the girl saved by Lobagola was being pursued by an old man who sought to test her virginity with some kind of hot iron.

I am not particularly concerned with the story of Lobagola, but am rather distressed by some books and motion pictures which are, to put the matter mildly, not creditable to the intelligence of the American public. The fact that people *do* read crudely sensational books, and crowd in to see an African woman sacrificed to the gorillas, is perhaps a justification of the producer's estimate of public taste and general education. There are good books of travel and many sound works on ethnology. It is therefore the more regrettable that publishers and authors should coöperate to present fragmentary, one-sided, and distorted accounts of African life.

Tolstoy, the Man and Writer

THE DIARY OF TOLSTOY'S WIFE. Vol. II. New York: Brewer & Warren. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

THE second and last volume of "The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife" is as vital and revealing as the first. Though the span of time chronicled is a mere seven years from 1891 to 1897, and the diarist persists in her habit of infrequent entries, the checkered existence of the Tolstoy household is conveyed with the same candor and clarity which characterized the preceding book, in which Countess Tolstoy traced the prior thirty years of her married life.

In the present volume the psychology and atmosphere at Yasnaya Polyana has changed greatly. At the age of forty-seven Countess Tolstoy speaks of herself as an old woman. Tolstoy is now past sixty, and although he still has a passion for cards and for dashing about on his bicycle he is decidedly an old man. It is a sombre narrative in which the affections and divergencies of two most interesting people are seeking a balance. Youth with its capacity for joyful incident, all differences of opinion notwithstanding, is no longer theirs. Twilight brings to the fore their most contentious issue—how to achieve personal salvation.

It is a mistake to assume that Countess Tolstoy was responsible for the struggle between the two even though she was as pious and conventional as her genius husband, and infinitely more fixed in character. Tolstoy's dual nature was the crux of the difficulty. Indecision was its offspring. Evidence of this appeared as early as 1862. The first signs of this inner split were displayed in the volume "Youth" wherein Irteneff and Prince Nekludoff are engaged in self-probing, confession, repentence, and periodic return to complete self-indulgence. This is the entire Tolstoyan conflict. It is now well known that Levin and Vronsky in "Anna Karenina" were twins carved out of Tolstoy's own duality. André and Pierre in "War and Peace" are infinitely more interesting than the other two, but nevertheless their brothers. And finally, the weak and ineffectual Nekludoff of "Resurrection" represents Tolstoy's effort to embody the numerous conflicting currents within himself in one person. From a literary viewpoint Nekludoff is one of Tolstoy's unsuccessful creations, but as a portrait of the artist himself he is invaluable.

Egocentric, abominating his past as he lived it prior to his marriage, anxious "to go away from the human court to the court of God," Tolstoy like Nekludoff is bent upon making peace with his Creator, but like Nekludoff he is weak and uncertain in his direction. Countess Tolstoy's diaries reaffirm this familiar fact. In the light of her sincere and frank narrative it is quite evident that Tolstoy's spiritual obstacles were of his own making. A passionate advocate of chastity, he was inordinately sensual. Curiously enough he was unable to come to a decision concerning the real meaning of chastity. He made a fetish of the marriage vows apparently for no other reason than to cover his own marital intemperance. At the same time, according to Leo Tolstoy, the younger, in "The Truth About My Father," he recommended to his sons complete abstemiousness. Continually in quest of the simple life he was unable, even at so ripe an age as seventy, to rid himself of his love for gaming, bicycling (which he considered a sin), horseback riding, periodic lapses from vegetarianism into rich food, and other son-peasant indulgences. Erraticism pervades his every effort. Persuaded that vanity and flattery are deadly sins he finds it difficult to resist either of them.

The story of the publication of "Master and Man"

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illustrates this point. Well known are his numerous quarrels with his wife concerning the publication of his books. Countess Tolstoy desired to derive an income from their publication, while Tolstoy wished to dedicate them to the people of Russia. In 1895, according to the diarist, Tolstoy in response to the flattery of a woman who was connected with the magazine, *Northern Messenger*, gave "Master and Man" to that publication. Regarding this incident the Countess who was somewhat jealous of this woman, writes: "I can't make head or tail of his ideas. If he had published it *gratis* through the 'Posrednik' firm, anyone could have bought Tolstoy's new story for twenty copeks. But now the public will have to pay thirteen roubles before it can read the story. That's why I cannot share my husband's 'ideas'—which are false and insincere." False and insincere is too vehement a characterization. But that Tolstoy was weak and undetermined in his views there cannot be the slightest doubt. In Russia that was recognized as early as 1875, when the noted Russian critic Michailovsky wrote a series of articles entitled, "The Right Hand and Left Hand of Count Tolstoy."

* * *

Contradiction did not dominate Tolstoy's worldly relations alone. The world is familiar with his spiritual struggles. So late as 1896, while he was engaged in writing the "Declaration of Faith," he notes in his Journal, "Concerning religion I am very cool at present." And again July, 1898, "An inner struggle—I believe little in God." In 1899 he writes, "I am depressed and ask God to help me. But my work is to serve God and not that He should serve me." The desire to serve God and not to presume to be served by Him engaged Tolstoy in a most devastating struggle. In this combat he was continually tripped not merely by Tolstoy the man, but the supreme artist and realist. It is common knowledge that when his writing went well he was oblivious to everything, religion included. But unsuccessful literary labor was not the only obstacle to complete faith. Having persuaded himself, after a long spiritual conflict, that the road to salvation lies through sacrifice only, Tolstoy the realist appears and inscribes the following: "I began to reread 'Resurrection' and went as far as his decision to marry and threw it away in disgust. It is all untrue, invented, weak." This refers to Nekludoff's gesture, in his effort to redeem himself, in offering marriage to Maslova for whose downfall he was responsible. While still preoccupied with the "Declaration of Faith" Tolstoy writes in his Journal. . . . "In order to wipe out one's sin one ought to . . . repent before all the people for the deception, to say: forgive me that I have deceived you. . . . What a strong scene! And a true one."

A complex and splendid personality, but what a difficult man to live with! It is a pity that one cannot discern upon the literary horizon of Russia a genius who could weave these contradictions into a fascinating reincarnation of Tolstoy. When Tolstoy's true biographer appears he will find "The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife" indispensable. In it, and for the first time, is revealed the complete Tolstoy, the man as well as the artist. Heretofore the reading public knew chiefly the artist and the religious seeker. In the novels the artist is in command. At home, amidst his family, the man was in the ascendant. And the man Tolstoy was supplemented by his wife in no small degree. Countess Tolstoy was her husband's mate more than in the ordinary sense of the word. Not only did she bear him thirteen children, suckle them, sew their clothes, teach them music, French, Latin, Greek, and even the geography of China; look after their university education, manage the Tolstoy estate at Yasnaya Polyana and all their other properties, and carry the financial responsibility; she was continually and completely in touch with her husband's literary labors. In fact she had a goodly share in them.

* * *

It is not merely that according to Leo Tolstoy the Younger she copied "War and Peace" seven times, and in the present volume she herself speaks of having copied the "Essay on Art" ten times. She helped Tolstoy to a truer knowledge of women. It is no secret that until his marriage Tolstoy envisaged women as Olenin in "The Cossacks" looked upon Maryanka, or Vronsky before meeting Anna Karenina; that is, as conducive to physical gratification only. His wife was, therefore, in a great measure responsible for the creation of Anna Karenina. It was Countess Tolstoy who obtained from Alexander III the lifting of the ban on "Kreutzer Sonata." She was forever fighting for the rights of her husband. She was aware that Tolstoy was a much greater novelist than philosopher. Turgeniev among others, was of the same opinion.

In the opinion of the present reviewer none of Tolstoy's women is as interesting or complex as his wife as she reveals herself in her diaries. She is a thoroughly cultured woman of amazing versatility and strength of character. As pious and conventional as her husband, one can yet discern in her signs of the new woman who was so well known to Turgeniev and his contemporaries—though not to Tolstoy until very late in life. Her tireless effort to achieve companionship in her marital relations is pathetic. In this she was far in advance of Tolstoy; and in keeping with her social position and the prevailing tone of Russian literature. Pushkin, Turgeniev, Tcherneshevsky, Nekrasoff, had glorified the Russian woman and demanded complete equality for her. Countess Tolstoy disapproved of the "radicals" but she and the women of their creation had a great deal in common. Her conviction that she was within her rights in her friendship for Taneniev and that her husband's jealousy was an absurdity is only one instance of this relationship. Tolstoy, on the contrary, was forever behind his time in the matter of social enlightenment. Upon woman he looked with the eyes of the Middle Ages. While Turgeniev and his contemporaries were fighting for the abolition of serfdom, Tolstoy was absorbed by the frivolous life of an army officer. Subsequently and in his own way, he did arrive at the same conclusions. But his conversion carries the blemish of having been accomplished at an age when worldly goods become unnecessary to a man—and when the passions are stilled.

Countess Tolstoy's diaries compel a revision in the general view of Tolstoy the man, the husband, and the father.

A Slice of the Renaissance

THREE HALF MOONS. By STEPHEN BRENT. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by CLARICE A. AIKEN

MR. BRENT has here given us a superbly dramatic slice out of the Italian Renaissance. Worked in contrapuntally with the main theme, which portrays Duke Alessandro's treacheries, is the deadly feud between the late Medicis and the Strozzi family. For a concentrated solution of murder, rape, adultery, intrigue, plot, and counterplot, this novel achieves remarkable freedom from melodrama. It is presented with the grasp of a Maurice Hewlett, and is a piece of Florentine realism that, but for its historical verity (roughly speaking), might read like court romance.

A D'Artagnan of Italy, Gian Guilio, as the central figure, kindles every scene with his mixed nature, his ambivalences, his passions and virtues, his loyalties and animosities. Although an illegitimate Strozzi, he is nevertheless loved and esteemed by the family. He constitutes himself the Duke's avenger, first because of past trickery and secondly because of the Duke's designs on the beautiful and chaste Luisa, his cousin. He foils one attempt on the Duke's part to accost Luisa, when Luisa is poisoned by her own family, as the only honorable way of escape from the Duke's hands. With the end of Book I, Luisa becomes a sacred memory to Gian Giulio, who takes an oath to kill Alessandro.

With the beginning of Book II, the young and delicate Fiammetta Adimari is introduced into the love life of our hero. The opening chapter of this section, narrating the intimate thoughts of this convent-bred girl, is perhaps the most delicious thing in the whole book. In the sanctuary of her chamber, Fiammetta speculates on the ironies of life. Her thoughts betray a rebellion towards her parents' choice, a dull, pedantic young man; her heart beats timidly for the dashing Gian Giulio, whose society is taboo. The chapter ends in a melancholy mood: "A wave of desperation swept over her. She considered an appeal to heaven, but decided that God would never break up such a really good marriage, and one of which her mother so thoroughly approved. There was no help anywhere. She fell asleep."

The duel in the Tre Stelle between Gian Giulio and the despised Salviati, companion to the Duke, is masterfully described. The author's selective powers, his economy of expression, and his artistic imagination, all create an effect which leaves little to be desired. From this point on, Gian Giulio injured and dying, we move speedily to other climaxes, not the least tragic of which is the scene between Fiammetta and her stern mother, which ends in Fiammetta's marriage to the safe and stolid Bernardo.

It is perhaps a niggling criticism to make, but it occurs to us that having had the splendid audacity to employ such historic personages as Benvenuto Cellini and Michelangelo, the author might have contributed something fresh or striking about these two great men. Instead, they are obviously inserted merely for purposes of setting, for they remain as stolid and submerged as stage scenery.

"Three Half Moons" is a brilliant and a sound book, and it merits none of the unconscious caricaturing that the blurb on its jacket manages to convey.

Diagnosis of a Physician

DR. GRAESLER. By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1930. $1.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE melancholy cynicism and studied psychological subtleties of Schnitzler's prose have seldom been better displayed than in the novelette which his American publishers are now adding to the steadily lengthening list of his work in English. "Dr. Graesler" has, in fact, been printed before this in translation, but so long ago as 1923, when the fame of the Viennese master had not been spread abroad by the success of "Fräulein Else," and it seems to have passed more or less unnoticed. It is a far more convincing example of his art than the books he has written since, and one more likely to be classed with the best in present-day German writing.

The three love affairs of the typically Schnitzlerian hero are not, perhaps, interesting in themselves. Neither the man nor the women seem to expect much from them and are willing to resign themselves to fate when things appear to go against their happiness, nor is any one of the affairs notable in any way for its spiritual quality. Fräulein Sabine never seems quite real even to her lover, while Katharina is merely a caprice that turned out badly. The final disposal of Dr. Graesler upon Frau Sommer is the triumph of disillusionment rather than love. In these circumstances the distinction of Schnitzler's method is that it reduces all these cases to a low common denominator of actuality, making them so incredibly clear and lifelike that only the most prejudiced will be unwilling to admit their truth. The clarity is a little too dazzling to be moving, perhaps, but Schnitzler has other and more scientific ends in view. It is safe to say that in this case a medical man is treated with medical thoroughness, yet never with the complete detachment from his character which makes the later work of Schnitzler something scarcely literary, bordering rather upon the case notes and charts of a hospital. Here the author presents an accurate and not unsympathetic diagnosis of his patient.

Last year, under the auspices of the Fascist Party and the direction of Giovacchino Forzano, the well-known author and stage manager, a company of actors went on tour in the south of Italy with a traveling theatre, which was called "Il carro di Tespi," in memory of Thespis, the attic poet, who gave performances in his famous cart, traveling from place to place, some two thousand four hundred and sixty years ago.

This year three theatres on wheels have just started a spring and summer tour of Italy, and a fourth one is being prepared, entirely devoted to lyric opera.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 6. No. 49.

The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

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The Future of Freud

THE STRUCTURE AND MEANING OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. By WILLIAM HEALY, AUGUSTA F. BRONNER, and ANNA MAE BOWERS. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

DESPITE the increasing numbers to whom the ideas underlying psychoanalysis have become familiar, the recent restatement of "Freud" by Freud is relatively unknown. His disciples have carried on a campaign of exposition of the clinical phases and their bearing on life problems and the interpretation and organization of human motives. The divergent views of Jung and Adler, of Adler notably, continued the same emphasis with more liberal interpretations. Yet through it all the starred feature is the origin of the neurotic trends and the technique for their control.

Dr. Freud shows the characteristic tendency as thinkers approach three-score-and-ten, to lose interest in the collection of data and focus upon the fundamentals which now as of old implies a philosophy. This is equally true of William James and Wilhelm Wundt, two other master minds. Freud's interest in clinical psychoanalysis has given way to its theoretical formulation, which in truth is not "psychoanalysis" at all; Freud calls it "metapsychology," which supplies in the apt title of Dr. Healy's notable book "the structure and meaning of psychoanalysis."

A correctly perspectived view of the Freudian psychology is not likely to arise in the clinical camp of Freudians. They are too closely absorbed in the intricate psychoanalyzing of "cases," whose complexity they tend to exaggerate, and whose diagnosis they coerce into conformity with accepted doctrines. There is in it all a marked cultist streak which is not conducive to reflective clarity or objective sanity.

The contribution of Dr. Healy, Dr. Bronner, and Miss Bowers may be accepted as a long anticipated recognition of the development of Freud's views as a theory of psychic motivation. Dr. Healy is not a psychoanalytic practitioner; he holds no brief for any school or cult. He utilizes the psychoanalytic approach in the handling of personality and behavior problems of a far more varied and directive character than appear in a neurological clientèle seeking relief from oppressive conflicts. He is a broader type of clinician; and it is fortunate that he has included among his interests that of setting the Freudian house in order.

While I expected such a book to appear in due course, it was my further anticipation that it would be devoted to the clinical phase of psychoanalysis. This is still an urgent desideratum and would form volume one of the magnum opus of which Dr. Healy and his associates have given us volume two. The method adopted in this book is well adapted to the purpose in hand. It consists of a large-type text on the left hand pages, stating Freud's own formulations, with a commentary on the right hand pages in smaller type, setting forth the variant views of followers and dissenters,—a psychoanalytic Talmud. It requires a close knowledge of the subject to follow this exposition, a far more sustained interest than even the well versed student of psychology is likely to command. To the serious student of the subject it is an indispensable guide.

* * *

So much for the right hand text indicating the purpose and temper of the volume; and now for my left hand comment which, I fear, will in some circles be regarded as a left handed compliment. For the fundamental question that readers of reviews of books-to-be-read will ask, relates not quite to the structure or the meaning, but to the significance and value, and the ever persistent truth of it all.

Freud is weak, whether by temperament or training, in the architectural sense; he erected his edifice as a series of façades and additions, with a ground-plan supplied as he built. Now retrospectively, he makes good his deficit, yet never with the skill of Dr. Healy's penetrating pragmatic gift. The "cardinal formulations" are libido, cathexis, polarities, ambivalence, the unconscious, preconscious, and conscious, the "id," the ego, and the super ego, the fundamental principles; pleasure and reality, Nirvana and compulsion, the Eros or life instinct, the death or destructive instinct. All of these have their developmental stages; a life is a genesis and a growth. They have their constitutional patterns strongly influenced by early experience. They disclose mechanisms, here better called dynamisms; and they end in character and personality, and there find their consummation and justification. Therapy is but an application and appears in the concluding chapter alone, however closely theory follows the clues of clinical findings.

This bare enumeration and its unintelligibility until elucidated, makes it clear that the Freudian metapsychology is a new science, or shall we say speculation? It requires a new vocabulary, a new approach, a new set of concepts. This story of the life of the mind is completely different from that of the standard psychological versions of whatever origin that occupy academically and practically the great body of contemporary psychologists. If Freud holds the clue, they are pursuing false trails.

Has Freud made good? is the question. For what all this means for the understanding or management of a human life can but be hinted at in a review. If lives and personalities are but Freudian exhibits, then for the great majority life is lived with a minimum of understanding. It means that we are fearfully and wonderfully sexualized, not merely the lower centers of our protozoic past, now surviving as the "id," but equally the higher cerebral areas where ego rules and the super ego soars, starting, like an airplane, with wheels on earth, but winging its way to the altitudes of human aspiration. We are victims all of the Oedipus fate and the emasculating dread called the castration complex. Our urges hover between life and death; we are victims of birth traumas and sex shocks. Our genital origin imposes a genital consciousness that never leaves us, and all we can do to live the life industrial, social, or intellectual is to convert and sublimate and transfer and symbolize and project and rationalize and idealize the original and persistent libido. Sex thou art, to sex returnest, was first (and last) spoken of the soul.

* * *

Is this really the truth of life? Is there no alternative except that of being glandular marionettes or Freudian robots of most fearful and wonderful construction? Must we ever appease our "id," consult our sub- and preconscious, make terms with ego and super-ego, before we can hope to understand ourselves or meet our fellow men? Is a normal man really made in the image of a Freudian neurosis? Will the momentous decision of the future be Freud or antiFreud?

When we are told that the fear of small flying or crawling insects derives from the fear of the father who also makes a sudden appearance and excites the idea of getting rid of him; that smoking derives from a fixation on the nipple, and eating sweets from the mother's milk; that "later interests in painting, sculpture, cooking, metal molding, and carpentry are believed to be traceable to coprophilic pleasure in smearing and molding"; that characters divide according to anal and oral persistences, we seem to be justified in consigning the entire system that sponsors such conclusions to the nearest waste-pipe, and then ask wherein "psyching" is more scientific than other pretentious and marketable systems of reading character.

For there is the crux of the Freudian controversy. Viewed in one aspect it seems to offer a penetrating illumination into the motives of life; viewed in another, it becomes a grotesque and degrading caricature. What is wrong: the structure or the details, the architecture or the plans and specifications? Important as it is to see the movement through, will the verdict of science declare it all ingenious futility and error, or a revelation of an unpleasant but wholesome truth? The reflection can hardly be avoided: if this is Freud, is Freud worth it?

Dr. Healy has furnished the protocol for a fair trial, and has done so in terms of Freud's maturest convictions. Among the recent contributions of Freud is a temperate but definitive essay, "The Future of an Illusion," describing the fate of religion as it emerges from the psychoanalytic mill. Will some future critic consider Freudianism under the same title?

The house in Denver occupied by Eugene Field has just been purchased and will be preserved as a permanent memorial to the author of "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," "Little Boy Blue," and hundreds of other much-cherished rhymes. The old house will be removed to Denver's Washington Park to be used as a branch of the city's public library.

It was in Denver that, as managing editor of the old *Tribune*, Eugene Field first attracted national attention by his poems, his paragraphs, his criticisms, and his practical jokes. It was the reputation there secured that resulted in the offer from the Chicago *News* in 1883 to write the column which became famous as "Sharps and Flats."

A Wit's Poetry

WILD APPLES. By OLIVER GOGARTY. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by HORACE REYNOLDS

PERHAPS you have met him in George Moore's "Salve" where the mischievous Moore introduces him as Dublin's arch-mocker, the author of the jokes and the limericks that are on the lips of all Dublin. Or he may have delighted you in Joyce's "Ulysses," where as "stately, plump Buck Mulligan" he opens that tragedy of the unconscious. Or if you are addicted to lectures, you may have heard from Padraic Colum, James Stephens, Æ., or Lennox Robinson, echoes from the lips that have sired the *mots* heard round the world.

Oliver St. John Gogarty, whose mind is as grotesque and volatile as his name, was born out of time, to our delight. Like Casanova, in whose century he would have been more at home than he is in our spindling, self-nauseated age, he chose to live before he wrote. When he would decide to write what he used to speak, those of us who knew him realized we could expect anything.

Few people have seen "Hyperthuliana" (Things from beyond Ultima Thule, and so from beyond the Beyond), his first book of verse, for in these days of unlimited limited editions, it was a straitly limited one—three copies. This book, in which some of the pieces were as outlandish as its name, contained some of the best of Gogarty's Rabelaisian verses, among them "The Cock," "A Line from Rabelais: Fair and Softly Passeth Lent," a poem in which beauty and intellectual ribaldry lie side by side in rare union; and what I do not hesitate to call one of the greatest parodies in English literature, Gogarty's parody of Keats's "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer."

Some three years ago appeared "An Offering of Swans" with a preface by Gogarty's friend, William Butler Yeats. This volume showed two manners: one of strong accents in which concentration makes the thought taut with tension, as in the following couplet from "To Petronius Arbiter," "Teach us to save the spirit's expense, And win to fame through indolence"; another in the more languid mood of the Elizabethan and Carolinian lyric, of which his "Non Dolet" and "Begone, Sweet Ghost" are beautiful examples.

And now comes "Wild Apples," certainly Gogarty's finest volume. There were many careless lines in "An Offering of Swans"; there are fewer in this volume. And Gogarty has dared to include some pieces in the Hyperthulian manner, some reprinted out of "Hyperthuliana" itself. In "Upon Horan" there is a flash of the epigrammatic power that has fathered the great limericks, "So you, with small disgrace and no divorce, Failed into Virtue; but she too miscarried"; "Ringsend" reveals a mood as perverse as any Elizabethan sonneteer ever conceited himself into; and the pathos of that fine poem, "The Cock," has moved no less a critic than James Stephens to cry, "By God, 'tis tragic!"

But the poems in the less strongly accented rhythms are finer than anything Gogarty has done before. "To the Maids Not to Walk in the Wind," for instance, dissolves wit in beauty, a rare solution; and "To Æ. Going to America" moves with the stateliness of Chesterton's great translation of Du Bellay's sonnet. The several poems about young girls are lovely; as Æ. says, when "the later Oliver writes of girl or woman he suggests in them an airy distinction, as if he saw the psyche fluttering within the flesh." But fine as these are, I think "Plum Tree by the House" is finer, a poem which no future anthologist of Irish verse can dare to overlook. Here the early mastery of the fantastic, refined, has drawn a delicate arabesque in which the lines that figure it forth waver and change pace beautifully, moving to half-heard tunes. This poem marks the complete transformation of Gogarty's genius, the miracle has taken place: the creator of Sinbad, and Rosalie, the Coal-Quay Whore, has written a lyric as delicate as a beautiful change of light.

Like his friend Yeats, Gogarty has set out on the long quest for beauty, but whereas Yeats set out as elaborately as he who sought the Holy Grail, Gogarty begins his journey later, on foot, simply, with a shyness that is especially winning in this man whose wit has spared neither the gods of Heaven or Dublin. May he pick many more apples such as these, "*down the long path where Beauty wends.*"

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The Bowling Green

Dogwood Tree

FOUNTAIN of snow. Beyond, the shallow blue,
Elastic envelope thoughts can't break through.
I roll my thought up in a tight round word
And fling it far. It whistles, falls near you.
Perhaps you pick it up and throw it farther still
With your particular projectile skill.
It falls again. And still there's blue beyond.
Every chink is packed with needless blue.

Fountain of snow, tossed up in morning light.
Light brims those tilted vanes of bloom,
Sheets of petalled spindrift, poising spouts
Burst like the creamed explosion of a sea,
A spume of argent, geysered up in sway
On the warm slope of sunny air.
Light meets its even wave-length there
And rests in clotted crisps and gouts
Upon my reveille of snow.
Thought, the shrill mongrel with a curly scut
Runs wild with clamor in the thorny scrub.
Tie him, for silence, to the dogwood tree.

The trunk, the bole, a single spring
Of upwardness, rounded in stiff desire and crackled bark.
Then parted, spread, sweet groins and forks of living,
Comings together and divisions dear
And from the health of all those mimic loins
Flashing a dazzled outburst of relief.
All the other fifty weeks a year
The dumb and level Tuesdays, Thursdays, Sundays
For this one crest of rapture,
Quaternions of snow!
Snow's too white a thought, silver is too shiny:
Love-child of gold and silver, or the tone
Of summer's thighs by summer sunlight kissed
And then in moonlight seen. Or the tender glow
Of a child's clear forehead near the hair.
I dare not, dare not look upon you long
I dare not with too intricate a choice
Ponder the words and prosody I need.
Thought must rise leaping from the central earth
Spray out and ramify in chance design,
Green over with its close-text shelves of shade
The lonely question gazing up the stem.
How can I testify? In verse or prose?
There's more subconsciousness in verse
Living the rush and stupor of the mind:
Words can darkly climb and foliate
And earthy unawares still cling to them.

None learn your glory by just looking at you:
You sprang in fierceness from the searching sting
Where seed fell in the ovary of earth,
And now you pour on many-colored air
Your tilted platitudes of light,
Platonics of cool blaze.

I could not, dare not look upon you long.
You have a meaning and a truth for me—
"Casting the body's vest aside
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings". . . .
Joy that a man might spend his life upon
To plant a Tree of words and let it grow
(Fed by the slow suffusion of his blood)
For fifty weeks of green and shady meaning
If on a quintessential bliss of May
Light broke within, without,
And hung in glittering shifts and rames of foam.
Men almost fear to look against that brightness
Seeing the transitive so seeming passive
And Time grown instant. The immortal Nonce!
Is that what life is like?
Two weeks in fifty-two is good proportion.
They coursed the whole world over, up and sideways,
And found you shine abaft the old garage.

In the defeat and comedy of days
Along a blazing street, or warmed with whiskey
In vast and whilom certainties of joy,
In sullen clenches of quotidian death,
I held you in the backward of my mind.
It was the taller trees that had no peace
Toiling and shaking in a stress of wind.
But you were quiet, you my tree of dream.

I write not just for Me: I write for you,
You will translate it into your own meanings:
It doesn't have to be a dogwood tree.
There's as much truth in one thing as another:
A pebble, button, or a sheet of music.
Montaigne said almost everything already
But men still write and boblish—as they should.

It's easy to assert: the dogwood tree
Is so successful as a dogwood tree
Because it never tries to be anything else.
That settles nothing: you and I must be
All things to every thought; yes, stone to stone,
Cellar-door to cellar-door; and in a glass of ale
Guess what sunlight feels like to the hops.
You walked in vain in Chartres or in St. Patrick's
Unless you know the thoughts that bishops think.

Consider printers of old famous books,
Tough old books like Kenelm Digby's Treatise
of Bodies and Man's Soul
(Printed for John Williams, 1658)
Or the *Religio*, 1642.
The inkstained printer fumbling in the case
Felt long words grow heavy in his hand,
Smeared the sour ink and saw the black palaver
Square dark and even on the linen page
Nor cared (I guess) what it was all about,
No more than I who see my dogwood spreading
Like the crystal shatter of a wave. . . .

Whiteness crept up through the woody veins
And spread all sudden on the unknowing air—
That should have cured stupidities and pains?
I could not watch it long. It's rude to stare.

And you made nothing of it, ere it vanished?
That naked beauty of your own dear Day,
Life's whitest body—
I was grateful and astonished,
But what was there to say?

A toss of foaming like the crystal shatter
Of a bursting wave, in magic pause—
And was that all you thought about the matter?
I wanted to tell *you* how beautiful it was.

Fountain of snow is gone
Sodden and yellow, shaken on the grass
Dazzle that hung over the roof of the garage
Is gone
Leaving only a leak in the shingles
An oily puddle on the concrete floor.
Help me, she said, to be a little Irish about it.
In the golden blast of mid-afternoon
Poets mock themselves and sing Yiddish folk-songs:
If Christ was born in a stable
Then my tree of snow can sanctify a garage.
Come dark, come dark,
I cannot trust these endless afternoons.

Spreadeagle Beauty on the dogwood tree,
Nail down her feet and hands till she is dead;
What is the difference to me
If Space devours Time, as Einstein said.

The fountain of snow is gone, melted, strewn,
May is lost in June.
A gray-green morning, trees toiling and tumbling in the high aloft.
I said that I had words of truth to utter,
Where are they now?
Gone the cream-and-gipsy shining,
The tender lustre of a drizzling day,
The silken bloom of gray and yellow light,
"Your bugle eyeballs and your cheeks of cream."
I walked quietly home in the quiet rain.

Temptation always is to say
There will not, cannot, be another day
So fair and sunshot, warm-in-the-blood with life
As this Today, this now; but there will be
Millenniums and millwheels of such Nows,
Such urgencies; and we and all our seed
Gristed and boltered in the turning drum.

Clear pillar of the bole, close leafage of dark green,
I have carried you with me, to and fro
In steepest city and in casual talk;
In the rough comedy of commuters' trains
Or on Jamaica platform
Seeing the locomotive waiting there,
Radiant with heat, animal with power,
Lift its rocking shanks and stroll away
(Grumble, sneeze a little with excitement,
Stroll definitely, consciously away).
Something so masculine about a locomotive
If I were a woman I'd be troubled by it.

Sleep intervened, and sometimes day and night,
The names of rivers, winds and months
(Also masculine).
When the burning moment comes, be grateful.
I saw roses, curled like petticoats
Conceal-revealing in their skirted coil
The velvet softness of their warm wet lips.
And I walked quietly home in the quiet rain.
You are not forgotten, fountain of snow.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Men and Events

MAKERS OF MODERN EUROPE. By COUNT CARLO SFORZA. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merill Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG
Editor of *Foreign Affairs*

COUNT SFORZA writes about men and events, but principally men. This is natural. He is a cynic—tolerant and generous, but a cynic—and to a cynic men are much more amusing than events.

What better subject, for example, for a man of Count Sforza's characteristics than Franz Joseph, to whom the first chapter is accorded? The centenary of that monarch's birth will soon be—I was about to write, celebrated. But who will there be to remember and celebrate the advent of that aloof and pathetic figure, "the last monarch," whose every little whim was gratified, but to whom fate never accorded anything but disappointment, failure, sorrow? Other figures of the last Hapsburg days are described—the Archduke Rudolf and Mary Vetsera, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and Sophie Chotek, Aehrenthal, Conrad, Tisza—most o[illegible] knew, some casually, some officially.

But it is with the men of post-w[illegible] Count Sforza deals most successfully [illegible] ural, because for some years befor[illegible] service was outside Europe, as Ital[illegible] China, and during much of the war he was in the Near East and not in the principal capitals. There are a number of personal ancedotes of almost historical importance—about Briand, about Greece and Turkey, about Pashitch and Serbia's connection with the war, about Albania, about the Dodecanese, about Giolitti, whose Foreign Minister Sforza became. Many of the anecdotes are amusing—as when Sforza (then Ambassador to France) learned that Curzon had come to Paris soon after the Chanak episode and had begun discussions with Poincaré—without Italy—regarding the settlement to be made with Turkey. Sforza's protest brought a pressing invitation to join the conversations, to which he replied, "that it was the first time in my life I was invited to dinner after the first course," but that he would go in the afternoon provided the minutes of what had been done in the morning were annulled. The chapter on Curzon, by the way, adds to the store of anecdotes that has accumulated about that statesman's broad shoulders, his majestic notes, his oratory *de circonstance*, his naïveté and vision and grandiloquence and bitterness and assurance and weakness.

Throughout the book, Count Sforza shows that he is thoroughly understanding of people's motives, which is as it should be in a man who knows how to be sarcastic but who is too skeptical of all human judgment to allow himself to be harsh. In all that touches his own land, and whenever he discusses political theory, Sforza is scrupulous not to make a frontal attack on the present Italian régime, with which he differs fundamentally both in theory and method. But between the lines his real ideas are plain, whether in the discussion of questions like Fiume and Albania, or in what he says of military men like Cadorna and Diaz, or in his account of the way the Giolitti Cabinet dealt with post-war radicalism in Italy. Count Sforza's book, then, is not destined to have a circulation in Italy, just as the Mussolini "autobiography" prepared for the American public does not circulate there—though for different reasons! In this country, however, as in others where the censorship is not yet complete, it will doubtless have a warm reception.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Europe Spenglerized

A CULTURAL HISTORY OF THE MODERN AGE. By EGON FRIEDELL. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by DAVID OWEN
Yale University

IN publishing his "Decline of the West," Spengler issued a challenge to future historiography. At once it became inevitable that sooner or later an attempt should be made to write a Spenglerized history of Europe, and it was scarcely less inevitable that the attempt should be made by an amateur. For here the professional historian is at a disadvantage. He cannot successfully attack the learned German, since the monographic tradition on which he has been nourished has ill prepared him for a debate with omniscience. Still less can he accept Spengler's conclusions. The atmosphere of polite skepticism in which he moves makes him suspicious of gorgeous generalizations that cannot be neatly footnoted. For the professor to write a history in the manner of Spengler would be merely to solicit from his fellow-craftsmen the scornful, if faintly wistful, "brilliant but specious."

The first significant trial of Spengler's theories in historical narrative is the work of one who is proud of his amateur standing. Egon Friedell has set out to write a cultural history of the modern age, of which the first chapter is contained in the volume under review. Cultural history, to Herr Friedell, has nothing to do with the methodical catalogues of authors, artists, and scientists which adorn the "civilization chapters" in our current textbooks. Indeed, it has no connection with anything methodical, for to him the essence of history is artistic and

> The historian is the artist who finds iration in the past and whose intuiius serves to interpret it to his own By suppression, omission, exaggera- short, by his inspired use of hischiaroscuro, he will paint a picture past which will have meaning for the

The result may be a caricature, but good caricature is more revealing than sober photography. It savors of platitude to say that man in every age sees the past through his own spectacles, as, in the words of Carlyle, "the multiplex 'Image of his own Dream'." If, for example, the shades of St. Thomas Aquinas, Voltaire, and Benjamin Jowett were to meet on neutral ground—between heaven and hell—to discuss the significance of classical civilization, three minority reports would be the only possible outcome.

Herr Friedell professes, therefore, to write no more than "to-day's legend of modern history." And he is to abide by the anecdotal method. The historical anecdote is much more likely to be false than true, and the history that it yields is of the most fragmentary sort. The author is aware of all this, but he is convinced that the anecdote is as universal in its implication as it is incomplete and false in content. A picturesque incident is simply the mirror which catches and reflects "the Platonic Idea of each age and the thought that inspired it and was its soul." To borrow the author's own phrase, his work is a *chronique scandaleuse*, but its essential argument is metaphysical.

The new science of psychiatry supplies a major premise for Friedell's first volume, which tells the story of European civilization from the Black Death to the Thirty Years' War. The plague was a physical expression of the mortal sickness that afflicted the spirit of the fourteenth century. But far more pestilential was the germ of nominalism, injected into the thought of an age that had lived at peace with its universals. The acceptance of nominalism, or, if you will, scepticism and sensualism, atrophied the medieval organism. When its philosophy was dethroned, medieval civilization lost its meaning, for with it went the rejection of those axioms by which man had interpreted his world. Then, as an external manifestation of this sickness of soul, came the Black Death. And finally, in consequence, all Europe developed a "traumatic neurosis." Its symptoms are familiar—processions of flagellants scourging themselves from town to town in a frenzy of religious eroticism, the recrudescence of sorcery and devil-worship, the *danses macabres*—and they permeated all social strata from crowned "paranoiacs" to rebellious peasants.

It was in Renaissance Italy that the neurosis from which Europe had suffered since the Black Death first began to be stabilized and controlled. The abnormal here became normal, and the social organism assimilated the pathological condition into its being. The line separating disease from genius was crossed, and the new-born genius deified itself. This is the essence of the Renaissance. Obviously Friedell does not share the enthusiasm that he credits to "every incurably adolescent brain" for the age of Palestrina and Michelangelo. On the contrary, by preferring the pursuit of beauty to that of goodness and thus sacrificing content to form, the era marked the second fall of man.

The Reformation confirmed the sentence that man had already passed upon himself because it sanctified the world, and paradoxically, secularized all of life. The new faith, Friedell concludes, introduced "into all spheres of life a superficial practicality, a dull utilitarianism, material, gloomy, insipid, and ordinary." It suppressed as silly and inefficient all those naïve and charming overtones of religion in an age of faith, such as asceticism, pilgrimages, and ceremonial. By sacramentalizing the world of matter, by consecrating work, money, the family, and the state, the reformers enthroned a conception of Christianity utterly foreign to the other-wordliness of the Middle Ages and to the teachings of Jesus, to whom mere things were of no importance. "God and the soul are the only realities, and the world is unreal." It follows that the Christian will be indifferent to social idealism, for to be otherwise is to admit the spirital validity of this life. Calvin and Luther, by relating religion to worldly concerns, anticipated this "greatest blasphemy against Christ." With them was snapped the last filament that bound Europe to the "noble, sublime, even heroic dualism" of the Middle Ages. And the armies of the Philistines marched in and possessed the Western world.

Friedell's book is at once absorbing and irritating. He has sought to provide a pattern for an amorphous period in the history of European humanity. If the lines of his design seem painfully expressionistic, by their very eccentricity they invite attention. But the eye of most readers will be drawn more to the odd, bright-colored threads which Friedell has woven into his fabric. That is to say, one whose grasp of the historical verities is moderately secure will revel in the colorful detail and incidental generalization, even though as a matter-of-fact person he may dismiss the thesis as transcendental nonsense. It is infinitely more luminous, for example, to call fifteenth century Italy "an era which no longer believed and had not yet arrived at knowing," than to ascribe the Black Death to the acceptance of nominalism and the Renaissance to a social neurosis produced by the Black Death.

The debt to Spengler is apparent throughout, in the author's search for cultural symbols and historical parallels and in his emphasis on the internal harmony of a culture at each of its stages. But while in partial accord in their interpretation of the past, as prophets and philosophers they stand at opposite poles. Whereas Spengler, the skeptic and materialist, incarnates and magnifies in himself the tendencies of his day, Friedell is ill at ease, turning sadly back to the Middle Ages and forward to the new era of supernaturalism which he imagines. In this respect he has something in common with a current school of German quietists. He believes the universe to be divinely irrational, and he awaits the same confession of faith from his contemporaries. To Friedell the modern age is "a brief interlude of the supremacy of the reason between two irrationalisms of the Middle Ages and the future, with no more significance in the whole structure of human history than a passing fashion or an interesting fad, a curiosity of cultural history." The World War marked its end as the Black Death its beginning. The guns of skepticism are now being trained on the reason itself, and when that is demolished, where can one turn save to the mysteries? Friedell explicitly calls this trend toward supernaturalism a prelude to the new age. Spengler recognizes a similar phenomenon in his study of past cultures, not, however, as the first glow of the new day but as the wavering light of the dying one. To him it is a "second religiousness," a revival of the "images of their youth," by which senile civilizations console themselves before they finally take their places beside Nineveh and Tyre.

Travelling with Composure

THE GENTLEMAN IN THE PARLOUR. By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

MR. MAUGHAM went up the Irrawaddy by boat, across to Siam by trail and caravan, to Bangkok by motor and train, and up the coast by steamer. He was not looking for adventure and surprise, but for the pleasant amusements of motion, freedom, and chance meeting with odd people. It is the effortless ease of his style, its quiet efficiency, which reminds one that the traveller is a famous novelist and a practised writer. The anecdotes are choice and perfectly told. He calls himself a bad traveller because he has not "the gift of surprise. I take things for granted so quickly that I cease to see anything unusual in my surroundings." That, however, is one kind of a good traveller, though it defines a limitation. He travelled as an English gentleman, whose composure is valuable to him, habitual, intelligent, independent; an Englishman of distinction, in fact, whose coming was announced and provided for even in jungle villages. All this makes very agreeable reading. It was probably an easy book for Mr. Maugham to write, but it would not have been easy for everyone. He notes, and notes without excitement, that the British Empire is tottering because the ruling Briton has become a sentimentalist, "a master whose conscience is troubled because he is a master. What had happened to the race that had produced Clive, Warren Hastings, and Stamford Raffles that it must send out to govern its colonies men who were afraid of the authority entrusted to them—officials who held their position by the force of the guns behind them, trying to persuade the races they ruled that they were there only on sufferance? They offered efficiency to people to whom a hundred other things were of more consequence and sought to justify themselves by the benefits conferred on people who did not want them." When the historian of The Decline and Fall of the British Empire, however, comes to write his great work, "I venture to express the wish that he will write with sympathy, justice, and magnanimity. I would have him eschew rhetoric, but I do not think a restrained emotion will ill become him. The British Empire will have been in the world's history a moment not without grandeur."

It has perhaps some connection with this that Mr. Maugham's selecten of stories of the Englishmen in the East are usually touched with tragedy, whereas those of Frenchmen and Americans there are equally vivid but amusing. And so he ends neatly with the American Jew, Elfenbein, who was odious and yet not wholly so, and who remarked: "I'll give you my opinion of the human race in a nutshell, brother: their heart's in the right place, but their head's a thoroughly inefficient organ." He ends as neatly as he had begun, gracefully with reflections on Lamb and Hazlitt and the latter's exclamation: "Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion—to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity—to owe nothing but the score of the evening—to be known by no other title than The Gentleman in the Parlor."

Wodehouse at a Dollar

VERY GOOD, JEEVES. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $1.

HERE is first fruit of the dollar book policy; you can now get eleven exploits of the immortal Jeeves at a trifle over nine cents apiece. Experts have told us that the dollar book will pay, when that price is put on a nationally advertised commodity which can be sold in bulk to a known public; and surely Jeeves is that sort of commodity. Now and then, to be sure, one feels that age has laid its withering hand on somebody; but whether it is on P. G. Wodehouse or on this reviewer it would not be seemly for the reviewer to conjecture. At any rate, if Jeeves sometimes is not so funny as at other times, he shares that misfortune with Sherlock Holmes; and he shows some prospect of attaining Sherlock's durability. Rare is the author who, starting out with the purpose of entertaining his readers (a purpose which all serious critics, humanist or anti-humanist, seem to deprecate), succeeds in creating a character who outlives all the current creations of the Somberness Boys.

"Oh, Pioneers!"

SEVEN IRON MEN. By PAUL DE KRUIF. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929.

Reviewed by ORDWAY TEAD

A WISTFUL melancholy, perhaps unintentional, lingers in the pages of this book. And the unforgettable photographs from the family album enhance this sense of the dear, dead days, of unrecognized struggle, sacrifice, and intrepid pioneer devotion. The stamina and firm-lipped singleness of purpose of the builders of industrial America stand out here on every page and give back the facts we too easily forget which help to explain our rapid mastery of a prolific continent, our national absorption in finding and using things, our intense dependence upon individuals as the center of a creative economic development the like of which the world had never seen before.

From the vantage point of the relative collectivism of a new century, and the relative stability of nationally organized basic industries, Mr. De Kruif takes one strand of a romantic pioneering effort and shows the human cost of what some would decry as our national lag in culture and others would acclaim as our pride and glorious heritage.

For here is the story of the seven Merritt brothers, whose family going out of Ohio, trekked into Minnesota, and thus made it possible for Leonidas and his six loyal brothers to dig, in 1890, the first iron from the Missabe Range which now supplies over half of America's iron ore and was estimated by Mr. Schwab to be worth at least three hundred and thirty-three million dollars. The glamour and adventure of fatuous years of failure, capped by brief years of triumph and concluded with an inexplicable, headlong pitch into virtual destitution—all contribute to a drama stirring, pathetic, even tragic.

Perhaps the sadness of the unrewarded end, almost implicit in the simple, unsophisticated beginning, is what gives this narrative its melancholy flavor. Mr. De Kruif is content to outline the part of his tale that deals with the loss of this rich resource by its discoverers. But the very sketchiness with which he portrays the episode by which the property shifted to the ownership of eastern capitalists and presently became the basis of the United States Steel Company's phenomenal growth, leaves the reader with a certain misgiving that the forces of big business, relentless and inexorable, may have had their way here as in the early history of the oil industry and the railroads. But the past is behind us; the offspring of the Merritt family were not to be corrupted by great inheritance; nationally organized, vertical trusts were to be the required instruments of cheap and plentiful iron and steel. The author leaves his explanation pretty much at that.

For the reader the tale is none the less colorful and meteoric, however poignant. And whatever moral he may chose to draw is, of course, his own. To one student with a taste for economic reflection, the reminder it gives of the still-present contest of individualism of the old-school sort with an impersonal, economic nationalism which seems already passing into a newer economic outlook, is the valuable residuum left by what may for others be only a vivid miracle story. As a contribution to realism regarding traditional habits of thought about national resources, private initiative, and national coördination, this biographical narrative has larger significance than might first appear.

As describing one segment of the huge backdrop against which our present economic hurly-burly drama is being played, it throws our still too planless industrial growing pains into better perspective.

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Round about Parnassus

By William Rose Benét

QUITE a few books crowd our shelf this week-end. One of the most interesting is William Alexander Percy's "Selected Poems," with a preface by Llewellyn Jones, published at three dollars by the Yale University Press. It is now fifteen years since Mr. Percy's first volume, "Sappho in Levkas," was printed; but he was publishing before that. He is of an age with most of the older poets still writing, but he has remained more secluded. Much of his rhetoric seems to us no more than mere rhetoric, and his absorption in the thirteenth century has not often produced verse really impelling. Also his turn for poetic drama fades as a candle in the sun before the robustness of the Elizabethans. But here and there he holds the attention and can achieve truly passionate utterance,—in the old tale of Sappho and Phaon, in a description of the Children's Crusade, in several sonnets and several brief lyrics. There is also much beauty in one of the last poems in the volume, "A Legend of Lacedæmon," as well as in "Chimes," where he finds the spontaneous, fortunate phrase:

Her shadows are rimmed with silver,
And there is wild beautiful sunlight in her anger;
Her injustice is some virtue in excess,
And the dapple of dew is on her passion.

This is the voice of love suddenly inspired. A great deal of his poetry is paler. And the poet in him often trips into the lilied marsh of sentimentality. But surely "The Unloved to His Beloved" is a finely wrought lyric:

Could I pluck down Aldebaran
And haze the Pleiads in your hair,
I could not add more burning to your beauty
Or lend a starrier coldness to your air.

If I were cleaving terrible waters
With dead ahead on the visible sands
I could not turn and stretch my hands more wildly,
More vainly turn and stretch to you my hands.

It is by such moments of accomplishment that William Alexander Percy will be known of posterity, not, we think, by his more ambitious and elaborate attempts to recreate the pageant of the dim past. "Safe Secrets" is another brief poem that appeals to us in its profound humanity and direct statement:

I will carry terrible things to the grave with me:
So much must never be told.
My eyes will be ready for sleep and my heart for dust
With all the secrets they hold.
The piteous things alive in my memory
Will be safe in that soundless dwelling;
In the clean loam, in the dark where the dumb roots rust
I can sleep without fear of telling.

As we see, Percy's gift is not for remarkable imagery. When insufficiently moved he often states things tritely. And sometimes he even trifles with a pretty quaintness. But few poets can hope to make linger in the memory of mankind more than a very few of their words. He has uttered a few that, it seems to us, may linger. He is not a first-rate poet (as, indeed, are few), he has not greatly impressed his own personality on his writing, but, as we think we have shown, on occasion he can strikingly express his emotion.

Polly Chase Boyden, a Chicagoan, educated at St. Timothy's and at Bryn Mawr, interests us technically and is occasionally quite felicitous in her first book of poems with the peculiar title, "Toward Equilibrium." It is not a good title, being too close to the edge of humorous implication. But the poems in the book are more fastidious than the average. The influence of Elinor Wylie can easily be discerned here and there. But Miss Boyden also has imagery of her own, and is finding her own voice. "Fall of Snow" is perhaps as representative a poem of hers to quote as any other.

Your hand within my hand
Sleeps moth-wise in a closely spun cocoon.
There is no stir
Of feather or of fur . . .
And the snow falls from the caverns of the moon.

Your lips against my lips,
Moist with the frosty immanence of breath,
Are more alone
Than footsteps covered and gone . . .
And the snow falls from the corridors of death.

This poet has evidently chosen her inclusions carefully and her book has dignity and grace.

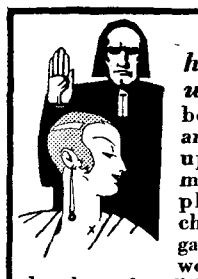
"Spindrift," by Florence Mary Bennett, from the Mosher Press of Portland, Maine, and "Trailings, a Rhymed Sketch-Book," by Jessie S. Miner, from the Lantern Press of New York City, have in common the fact that many of the poems deal with foreign places and with classicism, though many of Mrs. Anderson's (Florence Mary Bennett) signalize America. Hers is naturally the more beautifully printed volume as well as the larger, though both books are small, but the phrase of neither is very distinguished. Edwin Valentine Mitchell of Hartford has published Eleanor O'Rourke Koenig's "Two on the Old Pathway," and such titles as "Twilight Dream Song," "Snow in April," "To a Late Bird Singing," "End of Summer," and "March Twilight," may serve to indicate what is the fact, that, though Mrs. Koenig possesses talent, it is no greater than that of a large number of today's minor poets. Grace Noll Crowell's "Flame in the Wind," from the Southwest Press of Dallas, Texas, is even more obvious and easily foreseen in its pronouncements upon life. It is a relief to turn from these books to "After-Walker," which title characterizes the poems of Leonard Cline, who died tragically last year, who wrote several remarkable novels, and who experienced more than his share of hounding in his private life by the daily press. His career was erratic, his prose fantastic, but "The Dark Chamber," "Listen, Moon!" and "God Head" are novels well worth reading. His publishers' note tells us that the manuscript of his poems was brought to them as early as 1927. He later revised it, added newer poems, and returned it a few months before his death. Meanwhile he had sent in the long poem "After-Walker" from which the posthumous book takes its title. The publishers (Viking Press. $2) have added five poems to the original manuscript.

Cline was a Michigan man and was thirty-six years old when he died. His first book, his only volume of poems except "After-Walker," appeared when he was twenty-one. The work we now have gathered together of his is not astounding. Much of it is, as a matter of fact, mediocre. But the section entitled "Mad Jacob," the title-poem (with its haunting bitterness), the poem called "Snake," the lyric "Sun Go Parch," and the peculiar "Cellar Idyl," all arrest the attention. Leonard Cline could command the communication of weird ideas in fitting rhythms. His intelligence was quick and strange. His book is more or less of a curiosity of literature. Perhaps it is partly the history of the man, who gave proof of a talent that might just possibly have become great, and the pathos of his comparatively fragmentary achievement, that influence our judgment here. That may be. But there is a force and fire and eerie sagacity in many lines of this book.

M. A. DeWolfe's "Yankee Ballads" (Cambridge: Washburn & Thomas. $2), with illustrations by Philip Kappel, are brought out with heads in imitation of older printing and with pictures in silhouette. They are entertaining and convey the atmosphere of the time of which they treat. Metrical facility, dry wit, a love for epitaphs, a penchant for philosophizing in metre, distinguish the verse of F. L. Lucas (Macmillan. $1.75), the English writer of belles lettres who now gives us "Marionettes." One poem, "Discord," dealing with a terrible incident, stands out in his volume, which, for the most part, is just about what one would expect from a scholarly and cultured Englishman, no more and no less. A much lighter effort is, however, what we wish to quote in this context, as we think it may be said to have some bearing on a good deal of argument going on at the present time. Here it is, anyway:

CHORUS OF METAPHYSICAL CRITICS

Here we go gathering wind and wool,
Wind and wool,
Wind and wool.
Reason!—we left all that at school,
No doubt whatever afflicts us.
We twist the riddle of things terrene
Into such a riddle as never was seen,
And nobody knows what on earth we mean,
So nobody contradicts us,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame,
So nobody contradicts us.



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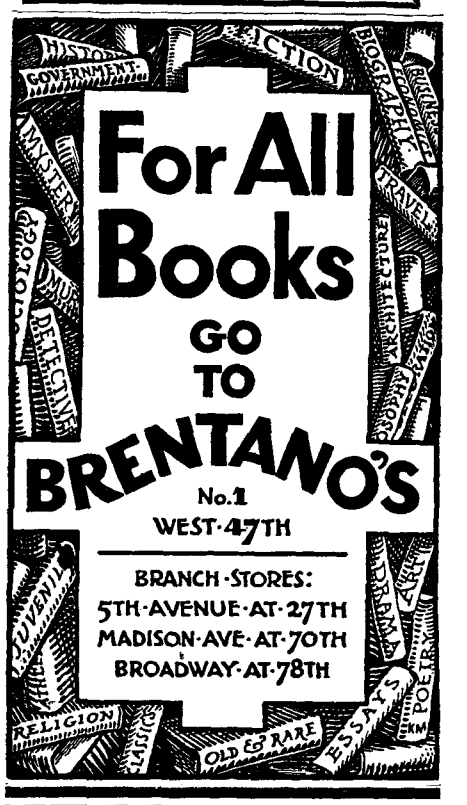

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A Letter from France

By Abel Chevalley

M. JEAN MARTET, who was Clemenceau's secretary for some years after the war, has published "Le Silence de M. Clemenceau," and "M. Clemenceau Peint par Lui-Même" Albin Michel).

"You will note," says Jean Martet, "that, like all aged men, M. Clemenceau remembered more vividly and more willingly the first years of his life than such and such recent happenings." But this happens to be the reason why Jean Martet's second book appeals to me.

I hail from the same village (in Vendée) as Clemenceau. My first eighteen years were spent at Mouilleron, where he was born, and Mouchamps, where he lies buried. ("The two poles of his life," as he said.) My (adoptive) grandmother was a friend and my mother a favorite of Clemenceau's maternal grandmother, Madame Gautreau, the Huguenot housewife whose influence was profound in his development. He used to say: "I prefer my Gautreau blood to the other." He had left Vendée (forever, as it then seemed) when I, thirty years younger, was growing up. But his name was a household word in the whole district. He was much discussed and not a little feared by the good bourgeois, Catholic, and more or less reactionary families of our neighborhood. I need not say that, to some young people like me, belonging as his grandmother to a tiny minority of emancipated Calvinists, Georges Clemenceau was something of a hero.

I never met him until I was more than forty and he more than seventy. I was then consul-general in South Africa, and happened to be on leave at the moment he had become Prime Minister for the first time. Three years later, being then in charge of the American department at Quai d'Orsay, my intercourse with Clemenceau became closer and, in one case at least, contributed to safeguard Franco-American amity. But of this, more some day. . . . I see from Martet's book that Clemenceau never wavered. The trend of his political thought, or rather sense—and sensibility—, remained the same after the war.

His references to his family, youth, and *milieu*, in Martet's book, are in some places mischievous. Their subtle dryness is irresistible, chiefly when he speaks of his great-grandfather. But he says precious little about the very Balzacian aspect of his own clan life. No real biography of Clemenceau can be attempted for some time yet. Some picturesque episodes where he was not directly or immediately concerned may come to light before other and more personal incidents. I wonder how many people are aware of some little romantic affairs (such as "La Dame Blanche" of Mouilleron) in which he took an avuncular interest.

M. Jean Martet shrewdly notes that "M. Clemenceau was not particularly well-informed as to the history of his own family." This is true but in one sense only. History is one thing, "Story" is another; even, said Prior,

The solid Story and severest Truth
That's no Poet's thought, nor flight of Youth.

Clemenceau's baffling personality would stand clearer in the eyes of posterity if it were remembered that, like all people born in Vendée, he was, from birth to maturity, a sort of Montagu-Capulet. For instance, he liked to play at times with the idea that the Mongol invasion reached the sea near our birthplace and, stopping there, permeated the Celts with Asiatic blood. The fact that there was something of the Hun in his own features (high cheek bones, slanting eyes, etc.) tickled his fancy. Clemenceau a Hun! A Hun at war! Yes, at war with himself.

The Renaissance hardly touched Vendée. Yet the first printer who set up a press in that "closed" country was a Clemenceau. The Reformation reft his descendants into alien groups. The Calvinists were decimated, ruined or exiled. Another Clemenceau died penniless in London. One (never mentioned, but why?) was a great slave-dealer in the eighteenth century; others, Rousseauists.

M. Jean Martet is full of ideas. But in his books there is little of Jean Martet. All is Clemenceau's, which shows that Jean Martet is not only a very able writer but also a very clever journalist.

I am not sure that anything has yet been published about Marcel Proust that can compete for wealth and range of ideas with Arnaud Danieu's "Marcel Proust" (Humphrey Milford, London, and Firmin-Didot, Paris). This short book transcends its own title by so far that it can be considered as an epitome of the processes of artistic creation, or other "revelation." The first edition was sold out in a week, before any review appeared, and the book had to be reprinted at once.

It has nothing to do with Marcel Proust as a chronicler of sexual aberrations and *salon* life; very little with Marcel Proust as an analyst, stylist, or even novelist in the bookselling sense. Its appeal is far more universal. Marcel Proust has been called a dissociator of personality. True in a sense. But the sort of personality that he dissociated is that which, manifesting itself in action, mental or physical, is constantly dramatic and irreducible to identity. The real personality, the only one that is concrete and endures, he has spent his whole life and work in trying to reconstitute and invigorate. When he says: "Temps perdu," "Temps retrouvé," he means: Reality lost; Personality recovered. I need not insist upon the affinity of that position with contemporary philosophies.

How did it come to pass that an invalid, a recluse, an apparently snobbish slobberer, an inveterate lingerer, compelled the hard world of after war not only to admit him, but to remodel its attitude towards artistic creation? Dandieu's book is an answer to that query. He explains how Proust has re-invented, for us all, the magical process by which children and primitives apprehend reality. Frazer and Lévy-Bruhl, Loisy, Paget, incidentally Freud and his followers, Meyerson, Minkovsky, are brought up as witnesses. The power of "metaphor," that is transposition in all its aspects, was Marcel Proust's instrument. In wielding it he went to the root of all art: affectivity, not intellect. To speak of Proust's infantilism is to beg the question. Why did he triumph? It is true that he was finally led to isolation and self-immolation, not merely physical. This is another aspect of the sacrifical rite that lies at the bottom of artistic achievement. Either kill revealers, or, if you want them, accept their conditions. Marcel Proust played the whole game and Dandieu's book contains the main key to his work.

"Eva," by Jacques Chardonne, is rightly considered here as a masterpiece of the same importance as "L'Epithalame" by the same author. Jacques Chardonne is the pseudonym of one of the partners in the Librairie Stock. He writes at leisure, flatters not, and is greatly admired. His books belong to a type which even well-informed foreigners do not associate with the French reading public, though it is quite in the national tradition. They are purely mental and sentimental adventures, fertilized by an undercurrent of culture and learning, illuminated by frequent references to the art both of thinking and writing. Their poignancy is, however, so true to nature that they appeal to all lovers of fiction. "Eva" is the story of a couple told by the husband, Bernard. He sacrifices everything to the wife he loves. But the wife he loves is his creation. She cannot entirely desert him.

"Robert," by André Gide, is the second part of "L'École des Femmes," which I have reviewed at length. It is the husband's journal. His self-revelation is an accomplished piece of work. One feels almost sorry for him. Yes, decidedly, André Gide is still the greatest, I mean the most universally accessible and admirable, of our fiction writers.

The Hawthornden Prize for the year 1929 was recently bestowed upon Lord David Cecil, for his book "The Stricken Deer." The presentation was made by Stanley Baldwin. Mr. Baldwin, it appears, had read it on its first appearance, and especially delighted in the subtle and memorable prose of its first chapters. This was the eleventh award of the Prize since Miss Alice Warrender first established it in 1919. The previous winners were Edward Shanks, Romer Wilson, John Freeman, Edmund Blunden, David Garnett, Sean O'Casey, R. H. Mottram, V. Sackville-West, Henry Williamson, and Siegfried Sassoon. The second and third of these, still young, have died since last year's presentation was made. Amongst those who have made speeches awarding the Prize have been Sir Edmund Gosse, Maurice Hewlett, A. E. W. Mason, Gilbert Murray, Augustine Birrell, John Drinkwater, John Masefield, John Buchan, John Galsworthy, Walter de la Mare, and Lord Lonsdale.

Thirteen scholars, financed by the American Council of Learned Societies and directed by the Mediæval Academy of America, are to undertake a study project of "The English Government at Work, 1327-1336." They are to be led by Professor James F. Willard of the University of Colorado.

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Points of View

A Reply to Mr. Batchelder

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I think the readers of Mr. Charles Batchelder's review of my book, "India in Bondage," in your issue of May 24th, will be glad to be informed of some interesting facts about the book which he does not mention, and also to be given a glimpse of "the other side of the medal" in connection with some of the points which he makes.

Let me say at the outset, that the review is a very difficult one to deal with, because it is so long and because it mentions so many different matters and touches on so many different points. If space permitted, I should be glad to consider all; but, in the amount of space that I have a right to ask for, this is impossible. All I can do is to select a few of the most important and confine myself to them. Fortunately, however, with these answered, the others have little significance.

Mr. Batchelder begins his review of "India in Bondage" by calling attention to the interesting fact that the book, now published in America, was first published in India, and that, after achieving much popularity and reaching a large sale there, it was suppressed by the Government as seditious. But he does not give his readers the still more important facts that its suppression was followed by a storm of protests, among the rest, from Gandhi, from Presidents of the All India Congress, and from other highest Indian authorities, who declared the book true, fair, and just; that in the court trial in connection with its suppression, it was pointed out that if the book is seditious, Ramsay MacDonald and the British Labor Party are also seditious, for it contains nothing of a more seditious nature than quotations from their utterances; that a little later more than a score of distinguished Americans, with John Dewey and Norman Thomas at their head, protested against its suppression as an outrage against the freedom of the press, and finally that the book has been defended in the British House of Commons as being true and without exaggerations.

Mr. Batchelder claims that the book is faulty in representing that the Indian people are ruled against their will. He asks, how can anyone believe it possible for an army such as Great Britain maintains in India, of some 229,000 men, to hold in subjection a nation of 320,000,000, unless they are fairly well satisfied with the rule? The explanation is simple. The nation is wholly disarmed; and the country is strongly guarded by forts and troops at all strategic points, equipped with the most deadly modern weapons—machine guns, armored tanks, bomb-bearing and poison-gas-bearing aeroplanes by the hundred, everywhere within quick and easy reach, and by battleships in all harbors. Everybody who has any knowledge of India at all knows that if the Indian people were not thus disarmed and overawed by these powerful and deadly armaments, they would quickly enough throw off the foreign yoke under which they all alike groan—Hindus, Moslems, Sikhs, Parsis, the Native States, as well as British India, and take their place once more among the world's free, self-ruling, and great nations.

Mr. Batchelder charges that my book is incorrect in estimating the salaries and pensions which British officials draw from India at $100,000,000. The book makes no such estimate. What it does do is to point out that the highest economic authorities estimate the annual remittance, or drain, from India to Britain, to pay salaries and pensions to Englishmen whose places could be filled by equally able Indians with salaries less than half as large, and to cover enormous military, imperialistic, and other expenditures that do not benefit India, is from $100,000,000 to $150,000,000, which is equivalent to half the net revenue of India. Here is the chief source (I do not say the sole source) of India's shocking poverty, a poverty so terrible that, according to the most reliable British authorities, from forty to seventy million people never know what it is to have a full meal. Is there any country on earth that could endure the loss of half its net revenue without serious impoverishment?

Mr. Batchelder condemns my book because it claims that India is competent to rule herself, and gives as his reason for denying her competency the fact that only seven per cent of the people are literate. Why does he not tell us that it is the British who are responsible for India's illiteracy; that India begs for education as for almost nothing else, and that one half of the money spent to maintain an army to hold her in subjection would give education to every child in the land?

Just what is the number of literates in India? It is between 23,000,000 and 25,000,000. These are scattered throughout all sections. In the nature of things, are not these millions of literate men, who are born in India and live there all their lives, who are the natural leaders of the people, who understand the people's needs, and whose interests are in India, more competent to govern their own country than are, or can be, a few thousand foreigners, born in a far distant land, who knew practically nothing at all of India until they came there, who while there isolate themselves from the Indian people as much as possible in exclusive clubs and social circles of their own, and whose interests are primarily not in India, their "land of exile," but in a distant "homeland"? Edmund Burke called these Englishmen in India "birds of passage and of prey." Is it not amazing that any person can believe that these comparatively ignorant foreigners can rule India better than can her own intelligent, equally able, and loyal sons? One fact alone, if there were no others, should settle the question for all time of India's competence to rule herself. That fact is, that for whole millenniums before the British came, she did rule herself, and held a place among the world's most illustrious nations. Has British rule so debased her that she is not able to do the same now?

Finally (and this point is the most important of all), Mr. Batchelder is wholly wrong in giving his readers to understand that "India in Bondage" is anti-British, is an "extremist" book, is in sympathy with and advocates "the extreme Indian point of view," which he even connects with "Bolshevism." Doubtless he believes his statement to be true. But how he can do so seems inexplicable unless his reading of the book has been either very superficial or accompanied with strong prejudices.

What is the "extreme Indian point of view"? It is the view which sympathizes with, and advocates, revolution, hatred of the British, driving them out by force—expelling them by any necessary degree of violence and bloodshed. Does my book contain one word which is in sympathy with anything of the kind, much less which advocates it? It certainly does not. While it is everywhere fearless, while it offers no apology for its plain speaking, it everywhere counsels and urges methods of peace and reason, of justice to England as well as to India, and nowhere does it countenance violence. Instead of taking the "extremist" view of the Indian situation, it takes the distinctly medium and moderate view—that of Tagore, of the Rev. C. F. Andrews, of Mrs. Besant, of nearly all the careful and responsible Indian leaders (members of the All India National Congress and others); and, as has already been said, it takes the view of Ramsay MacDonald and the British Labor Party, as expressed distinctly and repeatedly in their past utterances. Is such a book "*extremist*" or "*anti-British*"?

Speaking more in detail, the position that the book maintains throughout is that India belongs to the Indian people and not to any foreign nation, and therefore that no foreign nation has a right to dominate her; that she has as much right to freedom and self-government as has England or America; that of the two forms of self-rule which offer themselves for her choice, namely, absolute independence, or dominion status like that of Canada, within the British Empire, she has a right to elect the one which she prefers, and neither Britain nor any other nation has a right to force her to do contrary to her own will. But (and this is what I am amazed that Mr. Batchelder does not see), the *preference* of the book all through is for *dominion status, if only it be real and not a mere name*; if it is given her in such form and with such guarantee as will ensure to her real freedom of self-determination such as is possessed by Canada and Britain's other self-ruling Dominions. The book points out, over and over again, that up to recent years, if not up to the present time, India has *desired dominion status*. For this she has persistently agitated, pleaded, and petitioned. But she has been put off so long; she has so long been fed with vague so-called promises which have meant nothing; a real promise of dominion status at some fixed time and therefore having value, has been so long denied her, that her patience at last has become exhausted and she is now striking for independence. But for this Britain is responsible, not she.

Nothing in the book is so conspicuous or so strong as its arrayal of facts and arguments, in chapter after chapter, urging Great Britain to change her policy, and warning her of her danger of losing India unless she is wise enough to grant her dominion status without further exasperating delays. The time for that may now be too late, though I am unwilling to believe so. Certainly it was not too late two years ago, or a year ago, or when the last All India National Congress met at Lahore in December, 1929.

Mr. Batchelder represents "India in Bondage" as hostile to England. But how can it be? Its author is English by birth; all his inheritances are English; after his love for America, the land of his adoption, and possibly after India whose wrongs he so deeply feels, his warmest affection is for England. It is true that there is hostility in the book; but not toward the British nation; it is solely and only toward the British policy of extending to India the mailed fist instead of the friendly hand. The book advocates freedom and self-rule for India. It does so in Britain's interest as well as in India's. Responsible leaders in India have stated that the Indian Government never did a more insane thing than when it suppressed "India in Bondage." It is their expressed opinion that had the Government opened its eyes to the facts contained therein, however unwelcome, and heeded its wholly friendly warning, there would have been today no Indian revolution; the British Parliament would not have had hanging over it, as now it has, one of the most menacing clouds in all its history; and the future of the British Empire would certainly have been much brighter than at present it is.

J. T. SUNDERLAND

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Arthurian Conference

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Arthurian Romance, the fountain head of medieval and modern romantic fiction, has claimed in its historical, legendary, and literary aspects a good deal of attention from scholars in Germany, France, Great Britain, and America. The time seems opportune for a gathering together of those concerned with Arthurian studies in order to discuss the many problem[illegible] their work.

A conference of Arthur[illegible] enthusiasts has been planne[illegible] August, 1930, to be held [illegible] Somerset. The Council of [illegible] tution of Cornwall is wil[illegible] several distinguished scholars have promised to attend.

Those interested should communicate with Dr. J. Hambley Rowe, F. S. A., Bradford, Yorkshire, or with Dr. E. Vinaver, 44 Chalfont Road, Oxford, who will also gratefully receive for the purposes of the conference any spare literature dealing with Arthurian subjects.

ROGER SHERMAN LOOMIS

Columbia University.

What Is Due?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

May an instructor of youth seek some information before he attempts to wield a blue pencil again? Without having an ideal of barren correctness in writing, I have often begged classes, if they insisted upon using "due to," to recognize that "He came in due to the rain" is wrong, and that "His coming in was due to the rain" is right. But it is disconcerting to find that the former model prevails more and more, in the *Saturday Review, The New Republic, Scribner's*, everywhere; it has the authority of such literary gentlemen as Mr. Lewis Mumford, "The Phœnician," and many others. I am not a grammarian, and am aware that usage precedes grammar. At the same time this particular use of this particular phrase makes some people grit their teeth. May one ask if it is still to be regarded as an ugly solecism, or if it is merely another standard American idiom?

DOUGLAS BUSH.

University of Minnesota.

Columbia University has acquired a library of weights and measures, including works from 1520 to the present, forming what is said to be the most comprehensive collection on the science of weights and measures in the possession of any educational institution. The collection is the gift of Samuel S. Dale of Boston, former editor of *The Textile World Record* and an authority on weights and measures. The works number between 1,100 and 1,200 volumes together with some 700 pamphlets, and represent the accumulation of thirty years' research in this country and abroad.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN. By HOMER F. BARNES. Columbia University Press. 1930.

After minute and thorough investigation of the life of the almost forgotten New Yorker, Charles Fenno Hoffman, son of Judge J. O. Hoffman, and founder of *The Knickerbocker*, Professor Barnes might have written a delightful biography of the social, fascinating author of "Sparkling and Bright." Hoffman lived in the New York of Irving and Willis, knew everybody, and exercised an influence in the magazine coteries which Poe recognized. In his youth there was romance and tragedy, and his career was terminated by insanity. Just now, however, these minor figures have fallen under the sway of the academic detectives: a biography of James K. Paulding has appeared, and in the fall, Fitz-Greene Halleck will revisit the upper air. Professor Barnes has, therefore, given us an exact factual record of Hoffman's life and writings. Yet, however heavy reading, as his book is at times, he has elected wisely to do this. What he has done, he has done completely, and the facts about Hoffman are here for all ages, however indifferent the ages. Let the picturesque writers now poetize him as "Hoffman: the Enraptured Knickerbocker," or as they will. This spade-work still stands.

Perhaps a *via media* between the two types of biography is what we most need, and Professor Barnes's book is frankly undigested in many portions, is reminiscent of the seminar, and is, in fact, essentially a dissertation as it comes to weary committees at the end of the university year. The question whether or not Professor Barnes would not have done better to wait, select, analyze, and publish in a sharper, more readable form can hardly be debated. Yet, as it is, the book has great value to the specialist in American literature.

A VICTOR. By *Charles H. Brent.* Marshall [illegible] $1.50.

[illegible]D HIS BIOGRAPHERS. By *Oscar Lewis,* [illegible]ancisco: Westgate.

[illegible]RATIVE MEN. By *Ralph Waldo Em-* Houghton Mifflin. $1.

[illegible]DA AND THE SPANISH INQUISITION. *[illegible]ael Sabatini.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.

[illegible]CATION OF HENRY ADAMS. Houghton [illegible]. $1.

Education

SHORT STUDIES IN MUSICAL PSYCHOLOGY. By *Charles Hubert Farnsworth.* Oxford University Press. $1.50.

ARGUMENTATION. By *James A. Winans* and *William E. Utterback.* Century. $2.25.

CENTURY READINGS IN THE ENGLISH NOVEL. Selected and annotated by *John W. Cunliffe.* Century. $3.50.

GERMAN PLAYS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Edited by *Thomas Moody Campbell.* Crofts. $4.

SOCIAL SCIENCE LESSONS FOR JUNIOR WORKERS. By *Clarence P. Davey* and *James Cameron.* Century. 76 cents.

LA PRINCESS DE CLÈVES. By *Madame de La Fayette.* Edited by *H. Ashton.* Scribners. $1.

MANON LESCAUT. By *L. Abbé Prévost.* Edited by *Louis Landré.* Scribners. $1.

Miscellaneous

ELEMENTS OF THE FREE DANCE. By ELIZABETH SELDEN. New York: Barnes. 1930. $1.50.

Dance that is free belongs to the spiritual dynamics of the universe, we are taught in this brilliant brochure which admirably marks out for laymen as well as students how bodily rhythm of the Isadora Duncan school is distinct in principle from ballet, folk, national, and all other forms of dancing. Miss Selden has achieved here an excellent piece of writing, to be relished by all cultured minds, in dealing with a subject always regarded hitherto as matter only for a class. The free, or barefoot, dance is the eternal kinesthetic because the sole dance which, while yielding to the urge to soar in space throughout all time, would leave not one whit of itself or of nature behind.

Large practical returns come from reading this work as it is marked by a ripe scholarship in the ritualism of all dancing. Much of the dance technology is explained, making the book fit into the dance instruction scheme which has today become so widespread. It particularly marks out the chasmal differences between the barefoot dance and the ballet dance, in principle no less than in accoutrements. The author contends, in fact, that the ballet is dependent upon equipment, whereas the free has hardly any and should have none.

THE BOOK OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. By JOHN ANDERSON and STEARNS MORSE. Minton, Balch. 1930. $5.

No seasoned White Mountaineer really needs this book and only a seasoned lover of the region will derive full enjoyment from it. For, "dear as remembered kisses after death," the mountains yield their enchantment when out of reach only to those who can fill out description of them with memories of the actuality. We kindled as we read the authors' portrayal of Jefferson to recollections of late summer afternoons with the smoke hanging in lazy spirals above the train crawling the distant slope of Mt. Washington, and we drank again of the delicious waters that signalized the near surmounting of the headwall of Tuckerman's Ravine as we followed their instructions for its climbing. An immense nostalgia seized us—for the Gulfside Trail and for Huntington Ravine and for the Hut on Madison, for Carter Notch and for the road that winds through aromatic forests from Gorham to the Glen, for Randolph Hill and Cherry Mountain and Franconia.

Mr. Anderson and Mr. White know their White Mountains and have selected with discrimination those features of the region most likely to appeal to the vacationist in search of the stimulation of the open. Theirs is no guidebook to fashionable hotels or golf courses, but rather a chronicle by means of which the motorist and climber can discover the beauties of a mountain playland which despite its large hostleries and much travelled roads still offers to those who know how to search it out the exhilaration of untamed nature. It contains enough of the history of the White Hills to furnish a background of human interest for the scenery, and it is embellished with a number of most admirable photographs. An appendix presents a comprehensive list of hotels with their rates, a list of summer camps, public camp grounds, and golf courses, a synopsis of the motor vehicle laws of New Hampshire, and a bibliography.

POWER AND UTILITY OF MONEYS. By *Master Gabriel Biel of Speyer.* University of Pennsylvania Press. $2.50.

RECREATION IN AND ABOUT BOSTON. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

TENURE OF OFFICE UNDER THE CONSTITUTION. By *James Hart.* Johns Hopkins Press. $3.50.

EVERYMAN AT WAR. Edited by *C. B. Purdon.* Dutton. $2.50.

CRIME AND CURE. By *E. T. Wellford.* Stratford. $1.

LITERARY LEAVES 1930. By *Tomorrow's Writers.* Columbus: American Education Press.

THE CLOSE OF WOODROW WILSON'S ADMINISTRATION AND THE FINAL YEARS. By *Bainbridge Colby.* Kennerley.

WOMAN. By *Evangeline Booth.* Revell.

Murder Will Out

By WILLIAM C. WEBER

ONE has only to read "Memoirs of a Murder Man" (horrible title) by Ex-Inspector Arthur A. Carey of the New York Police Department to realize how puerile most mystery and detective fiction is when compared with the actual exploits of the Homicide Bureau. No Sherlock Holmes, Philo Vance, or Dr. Thorndyke ever started from such meager clues as confronted the New York police in a score of famous cases that were successfully solved. Inspector Carey's connection with the New York Police Department began in 1889. He retired in 1928, having seen crime detection grow from a rule-of-thumb affair to a highly scientific study. His memoirs done in collaboration with Howard McClellan, and published by Doubleday, Doran, are continuously thrilling, filled with more amazing feats of deduction than a dozen detective fictioneers ever imagined, clearly and modestly written, and dotted with portraits of New York police worthies from the days of Inspector Byrnes of the old Central Office to Arthur Woods and George V. McLaughlin. But the murders are the thing—the Molineux case, the Elwell case, the Dot King murder, the Rice-Patrick affair, the gang wars in which Jack the Dropper and "Little Orgie" Orgen figured, the Wall Street bomb explosion in 1920, right down to the Gray-Snyder case and that of the Radio Burglar. Inspector Carey concludes with two very wise and interesting chapters on "The Philosophy of Murder" and "Murder as a Spectacle," in which, among other matters, he pays his respects to lawyers, the law, and the press. For those who take their murder neat, this is a prime prescription.

The latest Edgar Wallace story—"The

(Continued on next page)

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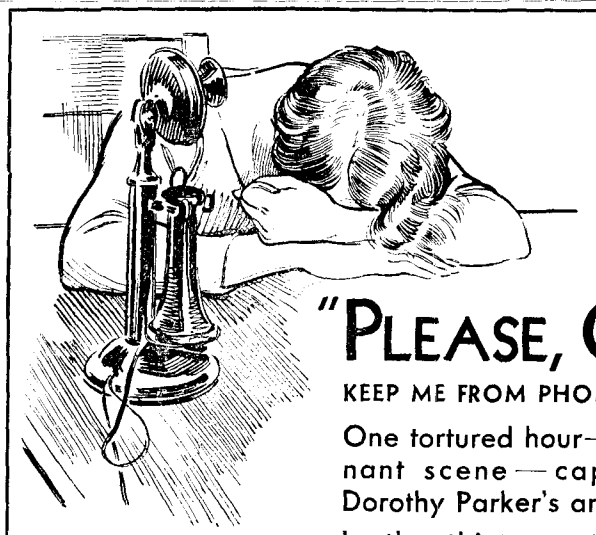

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Murder Will Out

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Green Ribbon" (Crime Club)—is, for Edgar, a quiet book. Beside "The India Rubber Man" it is a pink tea, even though there is one murder, a kidnapping, and some miscellaneous gunplay. The interest in "The Green Ribbon" lies in its descriptions of the great English racing meets and how "Trigger's Transactions" (whose trademark was a bit of twisted green ribbon) made money for thousands of bettors and drove the bookies mad. Trigger was above reproach, but his helpers were not, and the way three of them fixed races, etc., until the final coup that failed, was something outrageous. But Scotland Yard was on their trail in the usual efficient Wallace manner and all went well in the end, even to Scotland Yard marrying the girl. The biggest mystery in this book is the omission of the few tantalizing pages of the *next* Wallace thriller from the end of the volume. Is it possible that he is not going to write any more? Or have the plodding presses at last caught up with his pen? At least, the book is a good dollar's worth.

Continental Europe has produced few detective story writers whose works appeal to the American reading public. Gaston LeRoux, Maurice LeBlanc, Frank Heller—one cannot recall any others that have created more than a ripple in mystery circles. But now comes the American début of the Danish writer, Sven Elvestad, with "The Case of Robert Robertson" (Knopf). This is in some ways a double-barreled yarn. Robertson is at once detective and criminal. As the latter he preys not on honest citizens but on criminals themselves; as the former it is to his advantage to ferret out the perpetrators of crimes so that he may feather his own nest. A certain Dr. Gravenhag is found murdered. His face is smashed in, and identification is possible only through a cross-shaped scar on his arm. The police follow several clues, and then comes the news that the same Dr. Gravenhag has been found murdered in a Berlin hotel. Here the trails of the police and Robert Robertson cross, and the amazing mystery is at last unriddled. The method used—alternative long statements by the author and by Robert Robertson—is a bit confusing, but the technique is excellent, with a slightly foreign flavor that makes it even more interesting.

And now the anti-religious campaign of the Soviets makes the mystery story grade. "Stranglehold" (Crime Club), by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, involves a communist plot to blow up the great cathedrals of Europe and England. There is hardly any doubt about the identity of the criminal after the first hundred pages, but the charm of the English country background, the amusing comedy of the secondary characters, and the excellent sleuthing of the detective in charge hold up the interest until the end—when there is a surprise that bids fair to upset the whole yarn. Another good dollar's worth.

There are three—perhaps four—Mr. J. S. Fletchers. There is Mr. J. S. Knopf-Fletcher, Mr. J. S. Putnam-Fletcher, and Mr. J. S. Doubleday-Fletcher. One recalls dimly, but not to a certainty, a Mr. J. S. Dodd-Fletcher. Mr. J. S. Knopf-Fletcher serves his public with brand new detective yarns, one about every eight months or so; the other Messrs. Fletcher serve up, generally speaking, old mystery stuff, or pleasant "straight" novels of English life, or collections of short stories. "Behind the Monocle"—by Mr. Doubleday-Fletcher—is a collection of short stories. Most of them are not bad, but none is very good—though to some readers they may be worth their dollar.

"The Square Mark," by Grace M. White and H. L. Deakin (Dutton), is one of those leisurely English mystery yarns, in which everybody around the place is more or less involved and that winds up with everybody but the corpse getting married. A dead man is found in the garden of an English school. The only clue is a square indentation in the soft ground of a pathway. Ignored at first, this square mark finally leads the detectives to the solution of a mystery that unravels slowly but with plenty of action and enough false clues to throw the cleverest mystery solver off the track. "One of Us Is a Murderer," by Alan LeMay, and "The Avenging Ray," by Austen J. Small, are out-and-out thrillers. The first one includes some wholesale poisoning in a group of scientists, adventurers, etc., camping in the South American jungle, and is not marked by any exceptional detective work; the title of "The Avenging Ray" practically tells its story. The reader may write his own ticket for most of these scientific mysteries. This is a bit more preposterous than most, though it should thrill readers with 'teen-age minds. Both are Crime Clubbers and a dubious dollar's worth.

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MR. CHARLES F. HEARTMAN of Metuchen has had reprinted for private distribution the "Short Narrative of James Kimball, Eleven Years a Captive among the Snake Indians," which apparently he discovered in the Cleveland *Weekly Plain Dealer* for Wednesday, the 30th of January, 1861. As a story of life in primitive Oregon, it contains all the horrors of a child's nightmare, the attack by hostile Indians who killed as many of the whites as possible, and made prisoners of the remainder; a missionary first turned into a kind of Saint Sebastian, then burned at the stake; running the gauntlet; an existence in captivity lasting eleven years, and finally the hero's escape and return to the civilization of the east. The narrative is remarkable chiefly for its restraint and understatement; nothing is described in too great detail, and even though the reader may wonder impatiently why pioneers ever start out from their homes in the first place, and then seem so disturbed to find themselves uncomfortable, the account as personal history is valuable. Mr. Heartman, one of the real authorities on Americana, has done a useful and interesting piece of work in adding James Kimball to the available number of "Indian Captivities."

Indian Captivities, it might be pointed out, can still be collected with a certain degree of freedom from high prices—the field is large and not overcrowded with "high-spots," and the stories themselves have a decided historical importance. Early last autumn, Random House in New York printed, for the twenty-third recorded time as Mr. Elmer Adler remarked in his introduction, the "Narrative of the Life of Mrs. Mary Jemison," a lady who, at the age of twelve, was captured by Indians, and became so much a part of her adopted race that she had two husbands and several children, some of whom turned out very badly. In its modern dress, her "Narrative" was an especially delightful book, and deserved the attention of collectors, not only for itself, but for the entire class of books it represented.

G. M. T.

WE are in receipt of the following letter:

Dear Sir:

An acquaintance has sent us your review of our last Catalogue—"The Romance of Letters."

In that review you mention lot 109, "Boswell's Johnson," and set forth the contents of that lot, except its most important item,[1] viz: The Presentation copy from the Author to Sir Joshua Reynold's niece—the Countess of Inchiquin—of Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson.[2] Obviously without that book, the price asked, £2000, is absurd.[3] Moreover, there would be no point in heading the collection, "Boswell's Johnson."

Verb. sap.

Yours truly,

G. MICHELMORE & COMPANY.

P.S. Perhaps you will publish this letter?[4]

1. It was, of course, inexcusably careless to omit the presentation copy of the "Life," but even the Michelmore Company did not, originally, emphasize it. The catalogue heading for item 109 reads, "Boswell's Johnson/JOHNSON (Dr.) THE PRECIOUS AND HIGHLY/IMPORTANT COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPH/LETTERS SIGNED, ORIGINAL LETTERS, AND/MSS, by and about Dr Johnson, including an unpublished Poem to Dr Johnson by Mrs Piozzi, a copy of/Boswell's Life autographed by Boswell, books from/Boswell's Library (Autographed) and Bronze Tokens of the period with Johnson's head." After five pages of description of other things, in paragraph "(d)" appears the Boswell "Life."

2. It should be remarked that the edition called the "First Octavo Edition" by the cataloguer is the second London edition. Dr. F. A. Pottle in his "Literary Career of James Boswell" says of it, "The book is not rare, but is less commonly met with in public libraries than the first edition." It was issued in blue-gray boards.

3. The price, with or without the Countess of Inchiquin's book, is still absurd.

4. There is always a certain amount of pleasure in disappointing questions of this kind. As there is no reason for concealing the communication, it is printed, with gratitude.

G. M. T.

THE annual summary of the American Art Association Anderson Galleries sales shows that the total of the past season for books, autograph material, and postage stamps was $770,157.85. In the field of printed books, several new high price records were established: R. H. Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," sold February 19th, brought $1,400; J. R. Lowell's "Poems," 1844, a large paper copy, $450; Stephen Crane's "Maggie," a presentation copy of the first privately printed edition, $3,700, and an uninscribed copy of the same novel, $2,100; Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," $1,550; Hariot's "Briefe and true Report of the new found land of Virginia," 1590, $7,300; Henry Holland's "Baziliologia: a Booke of Kings," London, 1618, $13,000 (these last two were in the library of the late John Camp Williams); Alken's "Roadster Album," $3,900; Apperley's "Life of a Sportsman," $1,800. A three-page letter from Keats to Miss Jeffrey sold for $3,600; four letters by Edgar Allan Poe, $3,500, $2,100, $1,500, and $1,200; a letter from Abraham Lincoln to Henry J. Raymond, $7,800; one from George Washington to General Benjamin Lincoln, $600; the original rough draft of portions of Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York," forty-four pages folio, $4,100; the manuscript journal of the Third Overland Journey made by Robert Stuart, which Irving used for his "Astoria," $2,700; a letter from Bernard Shaw, $1,100. The two postage stamp collections brought $78,695—for the J. C. Williams collection—and $38,456—for the Thomas L. Wells collection. The Currier and Ives lithographs continued to bring high prices. The little iron silversmith's anvil, 9¾ inches migh, on which Paul Revere shaped his pieces, sold for $9,700.

G. M. T.

Sotheby & Company, London. June 30th-July 2nd: Printed Books, Illuminated and Other Manuscripts, Autograph Letters, the property of various owners. The sale opens with a selection of Hebrew books and manuscripts of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, continues with a section of French works, and concludes the first day with an outburst of German incunabula, Horæ B.V.M., and illuminated manuscript of Prayers in Flemish of the early sixteenth century, a collection of twenty-three Portuguese manuscripts (of about 1735) on Palmistry, ten works by Savonarola, De-Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," 1822; Hardy's "Jude the Obscure," 1896, A. E. Housman's "Shropshire Lad," 1896, and George Meredith's "Evan Harrington," and "Diana of the Crossways." The second day is much less of a strain on everyone—there are: a Fourth Folio Shakespeare; Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," 1768; H. G. Wells's "The Wonderful Visit," 1895; two copies of Fielding's "Tom Jones," 1749; a "Missale ad usum insignis Ecclesie Sarum," Antwerp, 1528; Iudulgence granted by Alexander VI, 26 Feb. 1498, printed by R. Pynson; Indulgence of Pope Innocent VIII, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1498; Henry VIII's Ratification of the Treaty of London, 29th October, 1516, the original state paper, signed by the King; several autograph letters signed of Coleridge, Queen Elizabeth, Dr. Johnson, Mary, Queen of Scots, Samuel Pepys, and Sir Walter Scott, and General Robert E. Lee's farewell address, issued as "General Order No. 9," to his army the day after his surrender. The third day is quite simply English Literature. It commences with Sir James Barrie and Robert Brown-

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ing. The other more important items are: a presentation copy of Shaw's "Fanny's First Play"; H. M. Tomlinson's "Sea and the Jungle," 1912; first editions in the original cloth of all of Charlotte Brontë's novels; a presentation copy of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," 1853; Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," 1848; Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale," 1908; the first French edition, Paris, 1853, of "La Case du Père, Tom ou vie des Nègres en Amérique"; two copies of the "Cloister and the Hearth"; Keats's "Poems," 1817, with this autograph inscription on the title-page, "John Keats to his Friend G. F. Mathew"; a series of twenty-four letters from Dickens to John P. Hullah, and copies of many of the Dickens novels; a large group of manuscripts and letters of Sir Henry Irving's; a few letters from Edmund Malone; a letter from Shelley; a letter from Samuel Taylor Coleridge to Richard Brinsley Sheridan; several Sheridan manuscripts; and a long letter from Thackeray to Mrs. Norton.

G. M. T.

Commenting upon the fact that Colonel Ralph Isham's splendid collection of the works of Oliver Goldsmith was about to be sold at Sotheby's in London, the *Observer* remarks: "Of all men who have written in English, Goldsmith stands alone in that he wrote a poem, a novel, and a play which are still read and acted—'The Deserted Village,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' and 'She Stoops to Conquer.' Not only the priceless first editions, but many other interesting and valuable ones are included in the Isham collection. 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' first published in March, 1766, was scarcely noticed by the critics, though it was in its third edition in August. The first edition, printed at Salisbury by B. Collins, is in two volumes, bound in olive morocco gilt by Riviere. This was acquired from the H. V. Jones collection. The American first edition, printed at Philadelphia in 1772, is very rare; and so also is the first edition in French, printed in London in 1767 in contemporary calf and gilt back, with the Fortescue arms on the sides.

"The first issue of the first edition of 'The Deserted Village' was privately printed for W. Giffin at Garrick's Head, in Catherine Street, Strand, in 1770. This is known as the 'Tyrant's Head' issue, because of the misspelling for 'Tyrant's hand' in line 37. The first edition of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' in green morocco gilt by Riviere, was published in 1773. It was written under pressure of monetary embarrassment, and failure was prophesied on all hands for the production, which took place on March 15, 1773, but the author benefited to the extent of £500. Inserted in a copy of the first edition of 'The Good-Natured Man' is a copy of the playbill for its performance at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on May 3, 1773.

"A beautiful early edition of 'Little Goody Two Shoes,' one of the best loved of our nursery tales, is in a blue morocco slip-case. It has alluring woodcuts and the original wrappers. Goody and her little brother were victims of a system which the author denounces in a curious political preface—the abolition of small holdings during the eighteenth century. It was this practice which prompted him to write 'The Deserted Village.' When Goody's story, in which our great-great-grandparents found inspiration and delight, went out of fashion, it found a vehement champion in Charles Lamb, who in 1802 wrote to Coleridge: 'Goody Two Shoes' is almost out of print. Mrs. Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics out of the nursery, and the shopmen at Newbery's hardly deigned to reach them off an unexplored corner of a shelf when Mary asks for them.'

"There is a bound volume of a literary weekly called *The Bee*, of which Goldsmith was the hard-working editor and sole contributor. Its sub-title is 'Essays on the Most Interesting Subjects.' In the third number he thus apostrophized his more unconventional associates: 'You then, O ye beggars of my acquaintance, whether in rags or lace, whether in Kent Street or the Mall, whether at the Smyrna or St. Giles's: might I advise you as a friend never seem in want of the favor which you solicit.'

"In spite of the sound wisdom, to say nothing of the grace and charm which characterized *The Bee*, it was a complete failure. On recognizing that success was not coming to him from that quarter he wrote: 'If the present generation will not hear my voice, hearken, O Posterity! To you I call, and from you I expect redress.' "

"Better Dead" was the first book which appeared with the name of J. M. Barrie on its title page, and was published in November, 1887, by Swan Sonnenschein & Co. It was issued at the price of one shilling in a paper wrapper, and the draughtsman who supplied the design was his friend, W. H. Mitchell. The original manuscript, complete in seventy-nine pages, and written entirely in the author's hand, was one of the items in a four days' sale at Sotheby's which was lately held. The manuscript is bound in brown morocco by Riviere (1887), and has for frontispiece a photograph of an original sketch of Sir James Barrie as a young man, of which only one other copy is known to exist.

The manuscript of "Bohemia," an unpublished and unrecorded work, written while he was a student at Edinburgh, is also included in the sale. This was declared by the author to be a "new and original comedy in three acts." The hero is a dramatist, and the scenes are laid in London and Brighton drawing-rooms and in a forest glade at Brighton.

The manuscript of Kipling's "White Man's Burden," the most widely-known and freely quoted of his works, omits the original fifth stanza, which attracted political criticism. This work, with the author's signature at the foot, is written in his small, neat hand on one side of a single folio page.

There are two collections of the letters of Charles Dickens, of which the more important contains in every letter a reference to his books. Writing from Devonshire-terrace, on December 20, 1842, to George Cattermole, he praises the latter's illustrations to "The Old Curiosity Shop": "It is impossible for me to tell you how greatly I am charmed with those beautiful pictures, in which the whole feeling and thought and expression of the little story is rendered to the gratification of my inmost heart, and on which you have lavished those amazing resources of yours."

Dr. Robert E. Spiller has just completed arrangements with the Oxford University Press who will publish in due course further volumes of the critical prose of James Fenimore Cooper. It is hoped next year to publish from the Gleanings in Europe his "Switzerland" and "Italy," and later on "The Rhine" and "The American Democrat" and "Notions of the Americans."

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Illustration from the jacket of 14th Street
by PERCY SHOSTAC

Today *The Inner Sanctum* publishes one of the most curious books of its career. It was stumbled upon quite by accident. The author came one day to *The Inner Sanctum* on business (not authoring), and his unusual appearance (for a business man) so impressed his interviewer that he was asked if he had ever written.

"Yes," said the visitor, "I happen to be on the way to another publishing house with a manuscript." This, it developed, was not Just So Much Sales Talk as a conviction that *The Inner Sanctum* wouldn't be interested in his particular script. SHOSTAC said that since he was under no obligation to submit it to the Other House, if *The Inner Sanctum* cared to read it it would be O. K with him.

"Only," he added, "if you aren't interested beyond page 2, please don't finish it."

Fourteenth Street was read up to page 2 that night, and beyond to page 343. The contract was drawn up shortly thereafter.

At the moment only one person other than the publishers has seen and commented on the book. JOHN COWPER POWYS, to whom an advance copy was sent, wrote:

"I want to tell you how interested I have been in '14th St.' and how much I like this curious book. Its reckless and yet clear-headed sincerity, so entirely clear from every kind of affectation or pose or conceit, has pleased me enormously."

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THE PHOENIX NEST

A PARTY was given this week for *Joe Anthony*, whose "Casanova Jones" has recently been brought out by the Century Company. It is a lively narrative in verse with amusing illustrations by Willy Pogany and an entertaining jacket from the same talented pen. . . .

Advance sheets of *Mary Garden Sass's* "Life and Lettuce" introduce us to the first of her poems. She has, as it would seem, an extraordinary way of putting things:

Poets must not mock themselves, for mockery is easy:
Rhyme is always tempted to do pratt-falls into farce;
The poet begins humbly, but recoiling from his knees he
Is too likely to amuse himself by sliding . . .
(Cetera indesunt)
If poets have to mock themselves, let mockery be bitter:
Avoid the merely comic and the grossly jocular—
My dear, it's always easy to make the public titter,
Every belly-laugh of emos dims the brightness of a star.

Dorothy Canfield's first novel since 1926, which will be published in the Fall by Harcourt, Brace, is to be called "The Deepening Stream." . . .

Passing along Forty-fourth Street we note the small bookshop known as The Literary Lobby has moved. It is run by *Therese R. Marks* and *Elinor Rice Shire*. It recalls to us the old days on the *New York Evening Post*, when *Christopher Morley* originally coined the phrase *The Literary Lobby* for the earliest column of chatter about books in the old *Literary Review*. . . .

Granville Toogood, author of "Huntsman in the Sky" (Brewer & Warren), has a short story in *The American Mercury* for July entitled "Little Girl." . . .

Louis Untermeyer has revised for the fourth time his "Modern American Poetry" and "Modern British Poetry" anthologies. Instead of 480 poems in the previous edition of the former there are now 730 poems, and instead of 320 poems in the latter there are now 760 poems. Both these works will be brought out in the fall by Harcourt, Brace at about three fifty. . . .

Lately *Bennett Cerf* of Random House made arrangements with *Court Harry Kessler* of the Cranach Press at Weimar for Random House to distribute in America the English edition of the famous "Kessler Hamlet," illustrated by Gordon Craig. The German edition of this work, which took years to produce, was finally completed last winter and is already famous. The English edition is edited from the text of the second quarto by *Professor J. Dover Wilson*. . . .

Over one hundred thousand copies of *Paul Morand's* "New York" were sold in France within a few weeks of publication. Henry Holt & Co. are bringing it out over here in August. . . .

The long-awaited second novel by *Rosamond Lehmann*, to be published by the same firm, will be a September book and will be called "A Note in Music," from the following quotation from *Walter Savage Landor:* "But the present, like a note in music, is nothing but as it appertains to what is past and what is to come." . . .

May Lamberton Becker is preparing another book of "Golden Tales." Dodd, Mead published her "Golden Tales of Our America" two years ago. It is to be followed by twenty-two stories depicting the manners, customs, and atmosphere of the South fifty years before and after the Civil War,—to be called "Golden Tales of the Old South." . . .

The seniors of Princeton have voted *Ernest Hemingway* and *S. S. Van Dine* their favorite authors. In dramatizing Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms," *Laurence Stallings* is reported as saying that he has written only ten lines of the play. All the rest of the dialogue is taken from the book. . . .

"Worthy Phœnicians," writes *C. P. Mason*, Associate Editor of Radio-Craft, for the Professional-Serviceman-Radiotrician,

It may be of passing interest to you to know that the "chuckle-point" is in use internationally among radio amateurs. It can be represented in print by the letters *hi;* and occurs as such in radio amateur publications from Hartford to Moscow and Melbourne. It is in code the equivalent of these two letters—four dots, space, two dots—thus

Toward the end of August, Lincoln MacVeagh of The Dial Press will bring out the poems of *Thomas Walsh*, late Associate Editor of the *Commonweal*. In the years just before the Great War we used to see a good deal of Walsh, and have ever regarded him as a genial and stimulating friend. He was devoted to the Catholic tradition both in the Old World and the New. He was a student of Spanish literature and edited "The Catholic Anthology." His friend *John Bunker* has written a biographical memoir which prefaces this definitive collected edition of his poems, a fitting memorial. . . .

Professor Eddington of Cambridge University, author of "The Nature of the Physical World," became *Sir Arthur Eddington* when honors were awarded on King George's birthday. . . .

Sara Teasdale has sailed to spend the summer in France. Her new book, "Stars To-Night," will be published by Macmillan in the early fall. . . .

James G. Wharton, author of "Squad" and "The Marsh Wife," will for the next two months act as courier for the fourteen European journalists whom the Carnegie Peace Foundation is taking on a tour through the United States. Before he started writing novels, Mr. Wharton was European correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance. . . .

Everybody seems to be on some trip or other. *John Metcalfe*, whose "Arm's-Length" was published by Scribners and who is the husband of *Evelyn Scott*, has just been on one of the United Fruit Company's boats as "quartermaster." "My duties, I should hasten to explain," he writes, "had nothing to do with the commissariat or 'rations' —but with steering the ship—chiefly." . . .

George P. Winship writes from Harvard College Library that

The Corporation has accepted $50,000 from *Harry Harkness Flagler* as a fund in memory of *George Edward Woodberry*, the income to be used to pay the salary of a curator or custodian of modern poetry. Mr. Flagler also offers to furnish (*i. e., the fittings for*) a poetry room in the college library. We are going to try to make this a room where the boys who care for poetry will gravitate naturally, to look over the newest poetry books and magazines, and to gossip with a sympathetic young man in charge of the room and of the Library's poetical interests.

Fifteen months ago Morris Gray, who was for years President of the Boston Art Museum and for longer has been co-trustee with the present Treasurer of Harvard in managing the largest Boston estates, gave us $30,000 to buy current modern poetry—poetry which is influencing contemporary youth, e. g., *Emily Dickinson*, as well as contemporary publications. He added $10,000 to provide talks by poets or on poetry.

The first Morris Gray talk was by his classmate, Woodberry, whom we dragged out of his Beverly hibernation. The new Poetry Room is to be the room in which this talk was given. He expressed his feelings by sending us two shelves of presentation copies of contemporary verse, and it was a desire to see these books of his which brought Mr. Flagler here last February. I happened to show him the Amy Lowell books, which must be kept in a room, but not necessarily exclusively by themselves. *Louis Ledout* and *Judge Proskauer* may also be mentioned to show that there is influential opinion to the effect that poetry means something quite serious to youth and ought to be within its reach at a college.

The Morris Gray talks offer a hint of our point of view in planning the poetry room. They have been given by *Robert Frost*, *Hillyer*, *Foster Damon*, *Lizette Woodworth Reese*, *Mme. Bianchi*, and *Garrod*. The Library invites by mail, and invites only undergraduates, making it quite clear that faculty and graduate students are not wanted. It pleases us when the house is small, because it means more intimate talk back and forth. . . .

Irving Fineman, author of "This Pure Young Man," is the winner of the $7,500 prize in the Longmans, Green and Company first-novel contest. The final decision of the Judges, *Lewis Mumford*, *Julia Peterkin*, and *Ernest Boyd*, was announced June 27th. The winning novel chosen from among 1,000 manuscripts submitted in the competition will be published by Longmans in September.

So we guess that's all for what is sometimes referred to airily as "the nonce."

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea S.W.3, London.

E. I. L., Nauvoo, Illinois, asks for several books for an idea of "the interesting phases of life in Freiburg; I want to spend a summer there."

FREIBURG in Breisgau figures in several new books besides the indispensable Baedeker, and taking them together the idea of the interesting features of life in this charming city becomes so strong that it is hard to stay at home. In Louis Untermeyer's "Blue Rhine, Black Forest" (Harcourt, Brace) is the most information; indeed this is a day-by-day guide to the cathedrals, the theatres and other amusements, and the buildings and streets, and a mile-by-mile guide to the country roundabout. It even prepares for a city where "eating is not a refueling, it is a ritual," by providing a *catalogue raisonné* of restaurants, including one where "you can snap your fingers at Lucullus for seventy-five cents" at luncheon. There is almost as much about Freiburg in Christopher Marlowe's "The Black Forest" (Dodd, Mead), though this specializes in legends and literary associations; both these books and the color-illustrated "Germany" of Gerald Bullett (Macmillan) emphasize the importance to the city's scheme of the running rivulets that make its secrets "überall Brunnen und Bach." The city also figures in F. C. Rimington's "Motor Rambles in Central Europe" (Houghton Miffin) which approaches it from Colmar, and in Robert McBride's "Towns and People of Modern Germany" (McBride) of which there is a new and cheaper edition.

D. A. S., Sidney, O., is going to Central America and needs a dictionary not only for everyday use but suitable for literary purposes; it must, however be easily portable.

THE Spanish dictionary of Arturo Cuyas (Appleton) is far and away the best; it is now in a library edition of not unwieldy size and costs five dollars. There are pocket editions, Felners, which costs sixty cents for each part, and the Tauchnitz and Pitman issues a "Commercial Dictionary of English and English Spanish" at five dollars.

[illegible], Cal., sent me several years from the Chinese which [illegible] ome time ago from a re[illegible]ection of such poetry; the review had been lost and with it the name of the book, which she now wished to buy. I sent the verses to the Orientalia Book Shop, 59 Bank Street, N. Y., which deals only in books on the East, and they identified the book as "Lotos and Chrysanthemum," edited by J. L. French and published by Liveright; some of the verses had been quoted from Cranmer-Byng's collection, "A Lute of Jade" (Dutton). By such expert aid as this the Guide maintains its reputation for Knowing It All.

L. R., Pasadena, Cal., asks for a good translation of the "Canterbury Tales."

THERE has just come from Longmans, Green a verse translation of "The Canterbury Tales, Six Tales and Six Lyrics, by Geoffrey Chaucer," by Frank Ernest Hill, so brisk and charming that for the first time I do not resent the loss of the old spelling. This and the obsolete words do get in the way of many young people, and this modern English version seems not to be a translation at all. Take, for a test, the description of that clerk of Oxenford who has been (ever since Dr. Canby, in the preface to my "Reader's Guide Book," compared me to him) a sort of unofficial patron saint of this department:

For he would rather have beside his bed
Twenty books arrayed in black or red
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than robes or fiddle or jocund psaltery.
Yet though he was philosopher, his coffer
Indeed but scanty score of gold could offer,
And any he could borrow from a friend,
On books and learning straightway would he spend,
And make with prayer a constant offering
For those that helped him with his studying. . . .
Harmonious with virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn and gladly teach.

The italics are mine, to set off what would make an honest motto for this department. The pictures of this lovely book are by Hermann Rosse; the tales include the Knight's, Pardoner's, Prioress's, and Nun's Priest's.

There is a fine prose translation of Chaucer, by J. S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye (Macmillan), called the "Modern Reader's Chaucer"; this was our first complete translation into modern English. The two "Canterbury Tales" in my own library are both in the old form; one is the edition published by the Medici Society (Hale, Cushman & Flint), with pictures by W. Russell Flint in color; this has fairly large pages and type. The other is the World's Classics edition of the Oxford University Press; it costs eighty cents here, and my copy came to two-and-six at a village shop just outside Rochester, on the way afoot "the holy blisful martir for to seke." It was well soaked by "Aprille with his shoures sote" in the course of that tour, upon which it was read out at all stopping places. This may sound like a dumb sort of thing to do—reading the obvious book at the obvious place—but I never enjoyed a book more. Sometimes we miss a lot by being too clever. "Chaucer's Nuns," by Sister Madeleva (Appleton), is a fresh and needed sidelight.

Another translation has recently come to hand, "Tristan of Brittany" (Brewer & Warren), to take the place in my library of "The Romance of Tristan and Iseult," published some time ago by Dutton, now out of print, and borrowed away from me by some unknown miscreant. This new Tristan is by Dorothy Sayers, editor of the world's best bargain in detective stories (the huge anthology "The Omnibus of Crime"), author of detective thrillers of her own, now revealed as a scholar of parts. Nothing quite takes the place of this story in its medieval form, and this version is spirited and smooth. Here is the famous description of London, one whose twenty lines fit the city quite as well today as in the Middle Ages, and here are all the tricks and defiances by which the famous love affair had its way. The fitted fragments are in alternating prose and verse, and the delightful introduction is by George Saintsbury.

The Breeder's Gazette, *Chicago, asks for a list of publications within the last three or four years dealing with the old-time "medicine" or tent show, or the travelling stock company that travelled about the country.*

"THE Black Angels," by Maud Hart Lovelace (Day), is a brisk novel about a family of born troupers that travelled long ago. In biography I cannot bring to the front anything more than the spirited life of Lotta Crabtree, a record of trouping in California, C. M. Rourke's "Troupers of the Gold Coast" (Harcourt, Brace), which appeared within a couple of years. Tennessee Claflin ran a cancer-cure show and magnetic infirmary in Ohio at an early age, as told in "The Terrible Siren," Emanie Sachs's piquant life of Victoria Woodhull (Harpers). "Barnum," by M. R. Werner (Harcourt, Brace), gives information along this line, and in its bibliography are several works that would help, though they are not at all recent. Richardson Wright's "Hawkers and Walkers in Early America" (Lippincott) is certainly in this field, and a cheerful sidelight on our history. I hope other items are added, for this is a sort of Americana I find immeasely interesting. Show-boat literature is in a class by itself, I suppose.

Possibly as many reports will come in on the right tent-show book as for "McTeague," which has brought so many letters I cannot find space for their writers' names, though some of them are well known. The dental literature inquiry has at length reached headquarters, the *Dental News*, Saint Paul, Minnesota (of course recommending "McTeague") adds that a recent book dealing entirely with a dentist and his experiences is "Paul Adams," by S. J. Horn, published by Benedict, N. Y. But when the editor asks in return where to find a book published in 1895, "The Practice Builder," with several hundred pages of advice on building up a dental practice, for which he has been in search, I can only pass on the call, for it is not in print. Now if it were novels about doctors, there are two new ones, "The Paved Path," by Phyllis Hambledon (Crowell), a sympathetic story of a busy G. P. in an English village, and a highly unsympathetic one about "Doctors' Wives," by Henry and Sylvia Lieferant (Little, Brown), which deals with the difficulties of married life with a husband who can't be depended upon to come to meals or pay his wife proper attention. Also there is a reprint of Ian Maclaren's beautiful "A Doctor of the Old School" (Coward-McCann), with an introduction by Alexander Woollcott.

The Wits' Weekly*

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

COMPETITION NO. 83

The First and Second prizes for the best short poems in the lyrical manner of Mr. Robert Frost have been awarded respectively to David Heathestone and Claudius Jones.

THE WINNING POEMS
FIRST PRIZE

BASE STONES

ON lowery days when haying time was done,
Before potato digging had begun,
Old Horace always had us clearing fields
And building walls of their perennial yields.
The work gave scant enough results to show,
For stones kept coming up from down below.
A piece picked clean in August would, by May,
Have raised another crop to clear away.
"More base stones boys!" again: "More base stones, boys!"
Base stones were hard to stir: they were not toys.
The old man was forever wanting one,
To cheer us saying "we were getting on."
He laid them in an endless double row;
Most carefully, precisely, so and so.
And in the narrow space he left between
The rabbits and the woodchuck could, unseen,
Find room enough, for rods on end, to run
And give excited dogs no end of fun.
We thought he half intended, when he went,
That all those walls should be his monument,
And boys should think of him when, every fall,
They trimmed the brush that soon would hedge them all,
Or maybe let it go untrimmed, until
Encroaching nature reclaimed all the hill.

DAVID HEATHESTONE.

SECOND PRIZE

IN JULIA'S WOODS

Where slender pine trees branches interlace
And leave but here and there a jagged space
Against the blue, and carpet all the ground
With needles, silence more than lack of sound,
Sinking more deeply slows the pulse of time
And has its own peculiar rhythmic rhyme.
Then in the silence thoughts assume an almost
Palpable shape and always seem to fall most
Softly along the scintillating beams
Of sun that form that favorite stuff of dreams.

CLAUDIUS JONES.

It would be useless to pretend that this competition was anything else but a miserable failure. I was under no illusions as to the difficulties of the task; even the professional parodists (excepting perhaps Mr. Untermeyer) have failed to net Mr. Frost. But I did not dream that our Wits would find his lyric tone and tune so utterly elusive. The issue might have been happier had I not asked categorically for poems in his lyrical manner. It is patently easier to forge presentable imitations of his "monologues." Marshall Schacht, F. M. McLane, Ruth Moses, and Margaret F. Hastings disregarded the special condition and submitted unrhymed, unlyrical imitations which had to be disqualified in spite of various excellences. Mrs. McLane's entry ran to over two hundred lines and was thus doubly disqualified.

Of the rest, the less said the better. Harold Willard Gleason might have saved the situation with his frank version of "Tom the Piper's Son" as Mr. Frost might have done it but for his reference to the pig as "the widow's grunting treasure." Bert Leach spoiled a promising creation with the ghastly word "connotates"—

Their visit connotates, I guess,
A quart or two of cherries less.

But he caught Mr. Frost's rhyming tricks better than most. M. Fehrmanna and Sylvia Ward borrowed rather than imitated; Beatrice Mulliken surpassed all these in the substance of her poem; in fact she invented a truly Frostian theme and even caught something of the poet's tune. But her entry, printed here, has too many rhythmical changes and irregularities, not to mention false stresses and the offence of the final, "rhyme," to take a prize.

BIRDS FOR MY SWINGING CUP
(after the manner of Robert Frost)

Wild bird seed in a swinging cup,
Why don't you birds come and eat it up?
What do you think it was hung there for?
Slim and fat sparrows troop in galore
Gobbling it all in a big furore.
(Red, blue, yellow bird, and linnet,
Sing around my seed cup! Dig your beaks deep in it!)
Nothing but brown and nothing but gray—
The yellow birds haven't a word to say;
The flickers drum on the bark all day;
The vireos think they will stay away;
The bluejays know they are out for the day—
And nothing but brown and nothing but gray.
What essence lacks seed that I offer Life,
When the birds that fly to it all bring in strife:
When the brown and the gray fight straight their way
And there's nothing, for me, but the feathers plucked
And strewn on the bare ground under the cup?

Much could be said against David Heathestone's lines besides the criticism that they barely come into the lyrical category; and Claudius Jones's entry is all too thin. Yet these for want of better must take the prizes. E. L. Fahey would have taken second prize but for his failure to write briefly. Wade Van Dore's three offerings were good but did not resemble his original.

We print a poem held over from the last competition.

MIRAGE

I built, in fancy, dream on dream
Until I saw, afar
In glory gleaming, thousand-fold
More bright than any star

Your future triumphs all revealed
In sumptuous array;
Frail substance of the shining goal
You would attain some day.

Clouds blot the vision, night descends
Grim beyond belief. . . .
Alone, I have no star to light
The desert of my grief.

In all this ***dark, one spark*** *remains*
To urge the failing will. . . .
I hope to find behind the gloom
That moment standing still.

PEARLE R. CASEY.

* The editors are in receipt of two instalments of the *Wits' Weekly* which Mr. Davison has sent in to round out his department. The next and a third to be published before his return from Europe, a year hence, will be printed shortly.

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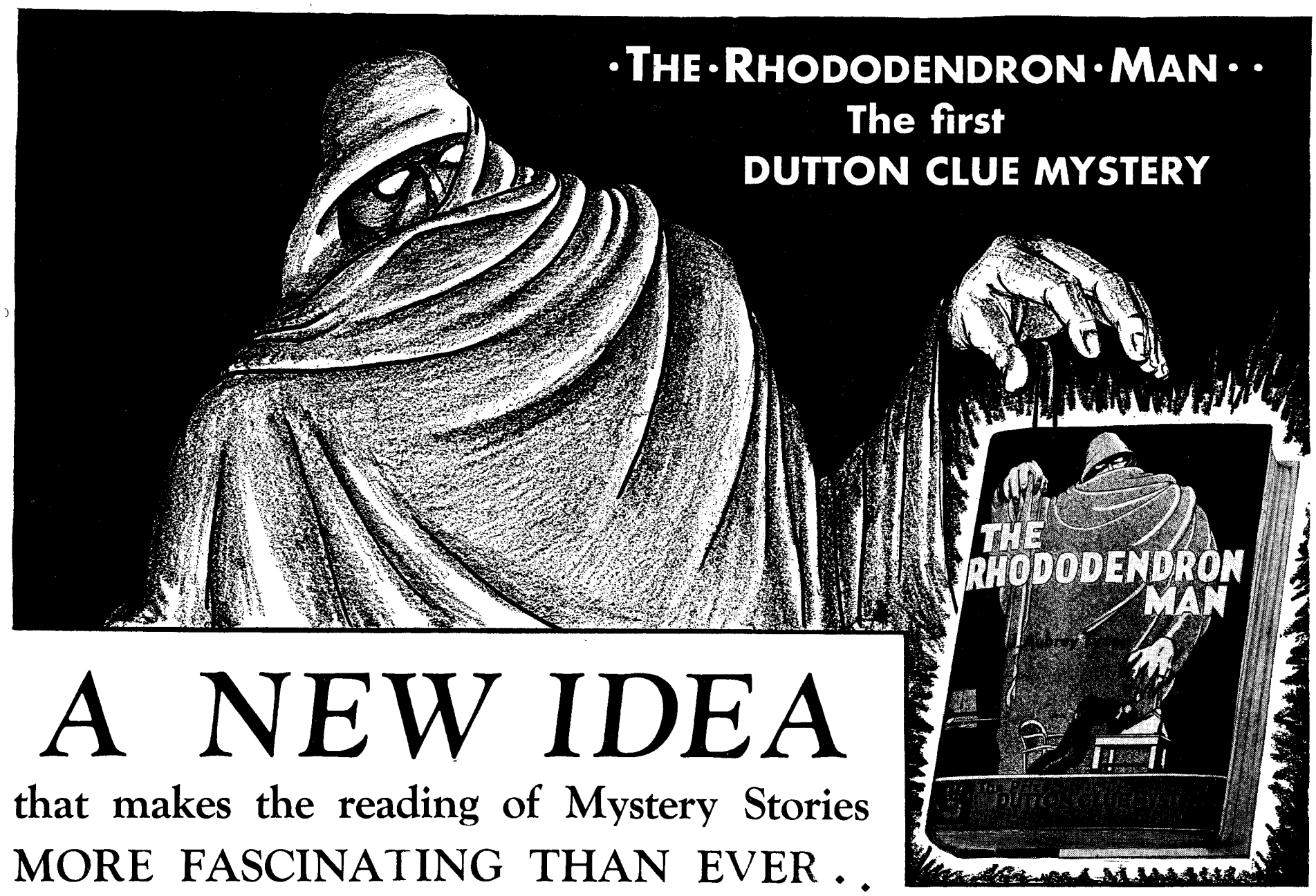

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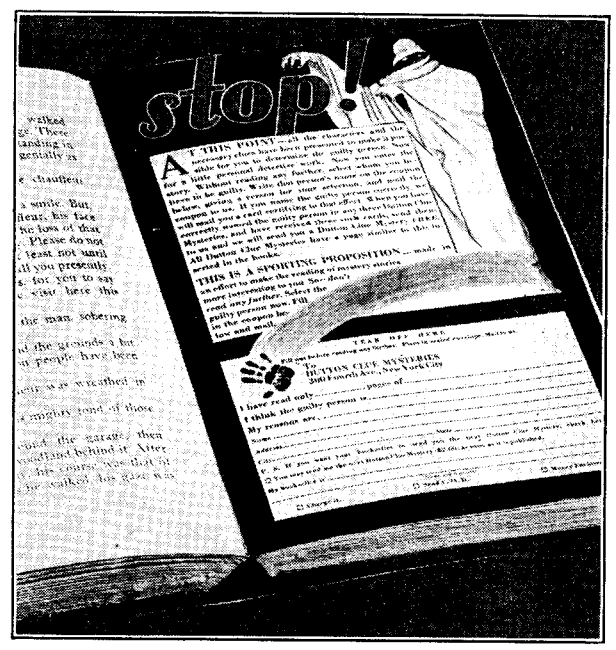

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